

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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REV. ENOCH GEORGE WOOD, D. D.*

BY REV. F. C. HOLLIDAY, D. D.

DR. WOOD, whose portrait adorns the present number of the Repository, is a worthy representative of the men who were privileged to earn for themselves the honorable distinction of pioneers and pillars of Western Methodism.

Although in the sixtieth year of his age and the thirty-ninth of his ministry, he is in the enjoyment of a robust and vigorous manhood. As will be readily inferred from his portrait, he possesses marked individuality of character. Strength of will, firmness of purpose, soundness of judgment, and a feeling of self-reliance rather than the moral qualities of his heart, are imprinted on his features. Not that he is wanting in true human sympathy, or in the tenderer sensibilities of the human heart; but there is little outward manifestation of that approachable affability, that amiable sweetness of manner—*suaviter in modo*—which goes so far in some men in compensating for the lack of more substantial excellencies.

The real geniality of his nature and the finer sensibilities of his heart, are only fully recognized by his intimate friends, while so far as the world can judge, his friendships and attachments are always based upon conviction, and his feelings always subordinate to his judgment. His temperament, style, and manner are eminently his own. Ardent but not glowing, pungent but not graceful, sincere but not winning;

on which account he is neither worshiped by his friends nor despised by his enemies.

As a preacher, his style is logical and perspicuous, though not accurately methodical. The argument is obvious and convincing, but its arrangement is sometimes wanting in symmetry and compactness. While you can not resist his conclusions, you not unfrequently feel an involuntary regret that he had not reached them by a path less tortuous and more clearly defined. His style and manner are better adapted to convey instruction and make permanent impressions, than to minister gratification to those who listen for mere pleasure. For although nature has endowed him with a fine perception and a love of the beautiful, he is yet almost wholly destitute of ornamentation or eloquence, so far as the verbiage and manner of his sermons are concerned; just as one may possess a high degree of susceptibility to the charms of music, and yet be unable himself to strike a single note.

Prominent in his matter and manner are the admirable qualities of thoughtfulness, patient research, energy, and fervor; but they are exhibited in a garb of unaffected plainness, and owe nothing of their effectiveness to the adventitious adornments of rhetoric. He shoots at his mark from every possible stand-point and hits it; but his arrows are neither finely polished nor keenly pointed. His logic is always forcible, generally glowing, and sometimes reaching a climax of tremendous power, and blazing in real eloquence.

Independently of the mere gildings or embellishments of style and elocution—which, however, ought not to be treated as wholly extrinsic—it will not be questioned, I think, that, as regards the more solid attainments of mind and heart, and the judicious and effective employment of them in the cause of Christ, there are few preachers in the West who deserve to rank

* More than a year ago a sketch of Dr. Wood was prepared for the Repository by Rev. Hiram B. Collins, of the South-Eastern Indiana Conference; the publication of which was delayed in order that it might be accompanied by a portrait. In the mean time brother Collins died, and his manuscript was sent, by request, to Dr. Holliday, who has made use of it in the preparation of this more recent article.—EDITOR.

in precedence to him whose name stands at the head of this article. Few men possess more intellectual and moral manhood than Dr. Wood. He evinces a freshness and variety of thought, a solidity and impressiveness of argument, a forceful aptness of illustration, and a vigorous manliness of address, that commend his sermons to the more intelligent and thoughtful of his hearers. He will never be suspected of an attempt at mere display. One can not resist the conviction that his motives are as pure as his language is plain, and that the fervor of his earnestness does not exceed the depth of his sincerity. There is little play of the imagination in his style. His forte as a preacher lies chiefly in illustration; and illustration, it is said, is argument. Nor are his resources in this direction limited. The circle of his knowledge includes an almost endless variety of facts, and topics, and principles; and any thing and every thing in nature, in purpose, in action, art, literature, history, that can be employed to give point to his thoughts, or relief to his subject, or throw light on the great central truth of his theme, is brought to bear with a pertinence and felicity of aptness that seldom fails of arresting the attention and impressing the hearts of his hearers. Among his compeers there may be men more brilliant than he; men who sometimes strike deeper veins of thought, and give voice to loftier strains of eloquence, and yet when we consider the excellencies that constitute the furniture of his mind and heart, we can not hesitate to award him a position in the front rank of our effective ministry.

An intimate knowledge of the motives of human conduct, a mind richly stored with the treasures of sacred wisdom, a judgment refined and matured by long and arduous experience, a will whose inflexibility and imperiousness could never have been controlled by other than the restraints of the Christian religion, and a heart glowing with the love of God, and consecrating its energies and affections to the interests of humanity—these are the qualities and resources that entitle him to the well-earned distinction of an honest man, a pure-minded, sturdy Christian, and an able minister of the Gospel.

Dr. Wood was born in Ross county, Ohio, January 26, 1806, and till the seventeenth year of his age pursued the avocation of a farmer's boy. Subsequently, in the town of Urbana, in his native State, he became a saddler's apprentice, in which capacity he employed himself till the close of his twenty-first year. He then left the shop at once and forever and set his face toward Indiana—at that time a part of the "North-West Territory"—with the view of

entering the ministry. Before the expiration of his apprenticeship he had discovered that God intended him for a calling other than that which he had chosen for himself; for although he had become thoroughly acquainted with his trade, he never worked at it a moment after reaching his majority.

Like most Western boys of his time, young Enoch had but few educational advantages other than those afforded him in the Winter Schools. These, however, he improved with that habitual and well-directed earnestness, whose sure reward is that of success in the end pursued; an earnestness, by the way, which may be named as a characteristic no less of the man of sixty than of the boy of fourteen, and to which, it may be added, he is deeply indebted for his success through life, and his well-earned prominence in the Christian ministry.

Fortunately for the early settlers in the West, the itinerant minister was abroad, even in advance of the schoolmaster, and every settlement was visited by the pioneer Methodist ministry, and the masses then more than now were, through the preaching of the Gospel, made familiar with the great truths of the Bible.

Additional to the influences that were brought to bear upon him within the hallowed circle of his own home, the prayers, instructions, admonitions, and godly example of Christian parents and grandparents, he acknowledges his indebtedness especially to the personal efforts of his employer, John Hamilton, of Urbana, a pious and devoted class-leader, who sedulously improved every proper opportunity in conversation with him on the subject of experimental religion, and finally induced him to do a thing that proved the culminating event of his life; namely, to speak in class. Shortly afterward, May 4, 1823, he united with the Church, giving his hand to Rev. James Collard, subsequently a printer in the Methodist Book Rooms at New York. His conversion was an event of such gradual development that he does not associate it with any particular time or place, other than the Summer of 1823, and the class-room of the faithful John Hamilton.

In the twentieth year of his age young Enoch was appointed a class-leader by Rev. Augustus Eddy, then preacher in charge of Mad River circuit, which office he filled for about one year. In his twenty-first year he was licensed to exhort by Rev. John F. Wright, and a few days afterward, in company with his brother Aaron, he set out for Indiana; and on the 21st day of April, 1827, the quarterly meeting conference of Bloomington circuit, James Armstrong pre-

siding elder, and Aaron Wood preacher in charge, gave him license to preach, and the presiding elder employed him to travel as a supply with his brother, till the close of the Conference year. He joined the Illinois Conference, which then included the States of Illinois and Indiana, at its session in Mt. Carmel, in October, 1827, and was appointed to Charleston circuit, Clark county, Indiana, as junior preacher, with Rev. George Locke, father of Rev. John W. Locke, late of Indiana Asbury University, under the presiding eldership of Rev. James Armstrong. His next appointment was Lawrenceburg circuit, as junior preacher with Rev. N. B. Griffith, under the presiding eldership of Rev. Allen Wiley. This was a year of eminent success. A flaming revival swept over that large circuit, and he numbered among the fruits of his labor that year the writer of this sketch, and the lamented Dr. Watson, late editor of the "North-Western." In September, 1829, at the session of the Illinois Conference at Edwardsville, he was ordained deacon by Bishop Soule, and two years afterward, at Indianapolis, was ordained elder by Bishop Roberts. In the division of the Illinois Conference in 1832, brother Wood fell in Indiana, and in subsequent divisions of the Indiana Conferences, he fell in South-Eastern Indiana.

Of the thirty-eight years of his ministry he labored eight years on circuits, ten in stations, one as college agent, and nineteen as presiding elder. These were all years of toil, but many of them were also years of triumph. The Church increased rapidly in numbers, and in moral and social influence. Commodious churches and thriving schools dotted the land. Save the loss of his first wife, his outward afflictions have not been heavy. Such has been his uniform health, that in all the years of his ministry, he has missed but few appointments, and his mental and physical vigor give promise of a number of years of useful labor to the Church. The loss of the wife of his youth—than which the poor itinerant can sustain none heavier—must be mentioned as one of Dr. Wood's severest trials. It was she that had been Miss Louisa Willard, whom he married in 1832. His second marriage was with Mrs. Susan M. Crouch, whose life it has pleased God to spare to the present time.

Dr. Wood has served as a delegate in three several General Conferences; namely, in the General Conference in Pittsburg in 1848, at Indianapolis in 1856, and at Buffalo in 1860. He was for several years President of the Board of Trustees of Moore's Hill College, and was for some time an efficient Trustee of Indiana

Asbury University. Of his early cotemporaries but few remain. In the South-Eastern Indiana Conference, I believe there are but two, each of whom are his seniors in the ministry; namely, Rev. John Miller and Rev. Joseph Tarkington. Honored names are these, at the mention of which the mind reverts to the earlier years and scenes of Western Methodism—to the times of large circuits and small salaries—of great camp meetings and glorious revival fires, that set whole counties in a blaze. The pulpit—although often in the log meeting-house or the tented grove—was an instrument of tremendous popular power. And that which adds refreshment to the retrospect—if the reader will pardon a transition so abrupt—is the thought that those were the days of our country's peace. Proslaveryism, it is true, was then, as it ever has been, the name of our national curse, but it had not then culminated in open and bloody war. Our scepter had not fallen. There were no such battle-fields as Manassas, and Gettysburg, and Chickamauga, and Stone River, and Look-out Mountain, and a hundred others, rendered sacred by the best blood of the nation. We were rich and great, and, notwithstanding our pride and oppression, were permitted to increase in riches and greatness, till—happily for our ultimate good—when it was thought we had reached the very acme of national greatness, God came down and took off our chariot wheels, as it is this day.

Dr. Wood, faithful to the doctrines and injunctions of his Church, faithful to his country and his God, is a sturdy, uncompromising patriot, a lover of the Union, and a Christian hater of that unmitigated and unmitigable villainy, which the founder of Methodism has so justly stigmatized as the sum of all villainies.

Dr. Wood's patriotism does not consist in mere words—they may be useful, but they are cheap—he has but three sons, and they have all served as volunteers in the Union army, and two of them are now veterans in the service.

Such, in brief, is the general history of one who, in all the qualities that constitute the faithful representative of Western Methodism, stands deservedly among the foremost of his Conference. Unlike many who, in common with himself, belong to what may be termed the school of the past, he is as truly, in every commendable significance of the phrase, a man of the present, as if his ordination vows were to be found among the records of yesterday. In the sense of a persistent and straightforward adherence to the great first principles that underlie the doctrinal and disciplinary economy of his Church, he is devotedly conservative.

No man need be more so. And in the sense of a careful and judicious accommodation of the ecclesiastical polity, especially in its subordinate instrumentalities, to the genius and spirit of the age, and to the inexorable necessities that have arisen on the higher level to which Christian civilization has elevated the masses, he is as boldly progressive as the most zealous advocate of experimental or reformatory measures could desire. And, indeed, it is to men of his class that we are most largely indebted both for our present and prospective integrity as a great and influential body of men, who, while directing and keeping pace with the forward movements of the Church, are both too wise and too watchful to permit themselves for a moment to lose sight of her anchorage. Nor can we, in times like these, bestow unmerited honors upon those time-worn heralds of the Cross, who are yet standing in our midst; whose zeal for the aggressive activity of the Church is moderated by sober judgment, and who, in wisely adjusting the ecclesiastical machinery to the necessities of the present, are neither forgetful of that which was primarily essential in the past, nor unconcerned about that which may contribute to the ultimate stability and wellbeing of the Church in the future. For if, on the one hand, there is danger that we may lag behind the times; if there are restraints that ought to be thrown off, and ideas of broader and more homogeneous adaptability that ought to be formally embodied in our system; on the other, there seems no insignificant ground for apprehension that the restless intractable spirit of innovation—alike active in Church and State—may prove subversive of the very ends it seeks to establish. It is, therefore, to such men that we must look, both for the conservation of the doctrines and usages that are at once fundamental and distinctive, in our denomination, and for such modification or enlargement of our disciplinary economy as may be thought necessary to secure our utmost efficiency and success.

SINCE we stay not here, being people of but a few days' abode, we must look somewhere else for an abiding city, a place in another country to fix our house in, whose walls and foundation is God, where we must find rest, or else be restless forever. We must carry up our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity is the state, angels are the company, the Lamb is the light, and God is the portion and inheritance.

MY PRAYER.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

HELP me, O Lord, to pray!
So easily my thoughts and feelings tend
To earthly things; ah, let me not offend
With holy words while my weak heart doth stray
From thee, O Lord, away.

Help me, O Lord, to trust!
In whom shall I believe if not in thee?
The heartless world doth love itself, not me;
Thou art my Father, merciful and just,
And I, O Lord, am dust.

O, help me to forgive!
Each day I need forgiveness at thy hand;
And shall I dare in sullen pride to stand,
And while thou bidd'st the erring sinner live,
Never my wrongs forgive?

Give me a tender heart!
Another's sorrow let me make my own;
Ah, let no faltering footstep tread alone
The weary way, if I can aught impart
To ease the heavy heart.

Give me a steadfast will!
A purpose firm if but my cause be right;
If Thou approve, if to thy piercing sight
My thoughts are pure, then help me to fulfill
Obediently thy will.

Give me the law of truth!
Write it upon my lips—upon my soul;
Let its pure precepts every thought control;
Deepen the lessons sweet that taught my youth
To reverence the truth!

Help me, O Lord, to love!
Not friends alone—but if there's one whose heart
Would to my life one added grief impart,
Give me the spirit that doth rule above,
That hatred turns to love.

Thy grace so let me share!
Let me not faint or linger by the way;
What is there here to tempt my longer stay?
Bright is my home among the mansions fair—
O joy, to enter there!

THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

BY REV. J. WESLEY CARHART, D. D.

OUR light afflictions, which a moment last,
Oft bring the joys of future glory down;
They promise give of life, when time is past,
They bid us wait—the Cross before the crown.

O'er quiet seas we sail not to our rest;
The skies above us oft with tempests frown;
Yet they who suffer with their Lord are blest—
He bore the cross before he wore the crown.

What though the whirlwinds shake thy fragile bark,
And many waters threaten thee to drown;
God speaks to thee with voice of thunder—hark!
Trust thou in him—the Cross before the crown.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

NUMBER II.

WE traced in our previous article the false views entertained by even the wisest and best of men in the early days of the Roman Empire on the nature and relations of the Divine Being, and on the relation of man to his fellow-man. With such conceptions of God as we there discovered, and such views of human relations, no wonder that their ideas of immortality were vague, imperfect, and precarious. The doctrine of immortality had undoubtedly made some advance since the days of Socrates, with whom certainly it was nothing more than a melancholy conjecture, and of his disciple Xenophon, who was strongly disposed to reject it altogether, and of his still more illustrious disciple Plato, with whom it was but a vague deduction from a very metaphysical argument. But that it was still a matter of mere opinion in the century immediately preceding the birth of Christ, is evident from the scene already contemplated in the Temple of Concord. And yet from the days of Socrates to those of Cicero, and further on to those of Aurelius and Epictetus, there was progress. It is only with faint surmises and stammering lips that even Plato and the most spiritual of his ancient followers could utter the dogma of immortality. From the false views of man as we have seen them, they might see, indeed, in the noblest specimens of humanity, some beings, outwardly not unlike the rest of their kind, yet inwardly, as they imagined, different and superior, bearing a nearer kinship to Divinity itself, of whom they could imagine that after death they might be received into the bliss of the Divine Being, absorbed in his nature; of whom they could not, perhaps, conceive it possible that so noble, so generous, so God-like, they should utterly perish along with the baser clay around them; but they left the case of the multitude wholly out of consideration.

As the providence of God, dashing to pieces the colossal fabrics of nations, putting down the lofty and raising up the lowly, leads to broader views of humanity, so advancing philosophy leads to broader views of human destiny. Philosophy advancing in the line of stoicism, led to conceptions hitherto unimagined of man's position here below; of duty and responsibility, of sin and virtue, of penitence and assurance, of the obligation to suffer, nay, even to seek and court the chastisement of sins for the sake of a spiritual blessing. "The Chris-

tian mystic is not more entranced in the contemplation of the Supreme Holiness—the Christian ascetic does not more fervently denounce the sinfulness of the flesh, and the need of subjecting the body to the Spirit—than do the stoics. Sins and virtues, in their view, are to be measured by their contrast with an ideal of justice, wisdom, temperance, or fortitude—an ideal placed as high as mere human reason could exalt it. From these lofty abstractions they seemed to realize a Supreme Existence, one and universal, eternal and immutable—the image of every virtue, the sole unerring judge of every approximation of human actions to the normal standard of goodness and holiness." This Supreme Existence is the common God and Father of all, and they taught, nominally at least, the equality of all God's children—of Greek and barbarian, of bond and free. To the wise man all the world is his country. Instead of a political union, they preached the moral union of all good men—"a city of true philosophers, a community of religious sentiment, a communion of saints, to be developed partly here below, but more consummately in the future state of a glorified hereafter. They aspired, at least, to the doctrine of an immortal city of the soul, a providence under which that immortality was to be gained, a reward for the good—possibly, but even more dubiously, a punishment for the wicked."

This aspiration, this hope, and almost faith in immortality is the point at which the highest Grecian philosophy culminates. This aspiration, this belief, reveals to us our personal relation to a higher Being. It equalizes men in their nature and condition; it discovers to them an essential unity in the whole race of mankind. It impugns and overthrows the natural and vulgar demand for an exclusive patron deity, and a national compact with him. So, in theory at least, stoicism seemed to rise to the ideas of Christianity. "It might seem a precursor of the Gospel, it might be hailed as an ally in the wars of the Holy Spirit. In the more spiritual doctrine of these advanced Platonizers lay undoubtedly the germ of that transformation of heathen opinion which resulted, under the preaching of Paul and the Christian Church, with the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, in the conversion of the Roman Empire."

And yet without considerable qualification this would be entirely too favorable a view of stoicism, even in its best days. The doctrine of immortality can hardly be looked upon as an opinion established and firmly held by these philosophers, but rather as a grand and beau-

tiful hope. They scarcely ever insist strongly on it even as a consoling idea; as a dogma of their school it is never boldly announced. Epicetetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Seneca, the latest and most advanced of the school, only speak of it incidentally, and never make it the end and encouragement of virtue. Yet they never deny it. Others often expressed strange opinions. "They teach," says Cicero, "that the soul continues to exist after it has departed from the body, but can not exist forever, thus gratifying us, not with immortality, but with a long life." This idea is further developed by Cleanthes, who taught that the souls are preserved till the general conflagration of the world—that is to say, till the time when the universe shall return into the bosom of God, from whence it came out—after the manner in which all souls, those of men and those of gods, must one day perish and be annihilated in the substance of the Supreme Being. But even this duration of existence the philosopher only accorded to the souls of the good and wise. The only argument used by the stoics, according to Seneca, is that of the general consent of the people; from which it looks very much as if they accepted it as a salutary opinion, but not as a part of their settled dogmas. Besides, it was with them an invariable idea that virtue is sufficient for itself, and that it finds in itself its own recompense, as vice finds in itself its own punishment. They repudiate all appeals to the hope of reward or to the fear of punishment as inducements to morality, and, therefore, make but few appeals to the life to come.

Near as some of these philosophers seem to approach toward Christianity they never reach it, and how remote they still are from it, is indicated by the fact that Marcus Aurelius, the last and best, knew so little of the spirit and aim of Christianity and of those sublime doctrines toward which his own philosophy was tending, that he was a bitter persecutor of the Christians.

Our author, too, declares how manifest, on a closer inspection, becomes the distance between stoicism and Christianity. "The immortality it augured was limited in time to a certain cosmical revolution, which should close in a general conflagration, in which gods and men, bodies and souls, earth and heaven, should perish. It was limited in subject; for it was after all limited, according to the concurrent voice of all Grecian theory, to a select class; those who could scale the heights of excellence here might alone expect a higher exaltation hereafter; those who stumbled and fell at their base, would lie there forgotten or perish altogether.

It was limited, further, in the nature of its promised retribution; for generally, though with much fluctuation and variety of opinion, it was held that the only punishment of the wicked was the common fate of the less worthy—annihilation. Once more: it was limited in its conception of God; for its aspirations after Providence alternated with an apprehension of fate, which it sometimes confounded with the Deity, sometimes set over him and against him."

It is evident, then, that though the world had made some progress toward the standing-point of Christianity, had attained to better views of God, broader conceptions of human relations, and a more efficient and beautiful hope of immortality, another step in the process was still needed to lead the pagan mind to feel the need of the spiritual and sanctifying religion of Christ. That step was an awakening of the conscience, a bringing of the soul to realize its separation from God, its sinfulness in his sight, its utter loss and ruin, its need of grace and help, of sanctification and redemption. The same providence of God which was leading thoughtful minds, and through them the masses, to a better apprehension of his own spiritual and glorious nature, and to broader and more generous views of men, was leading them also in this direction. The instability of all earthly things, the transient nature of all worldly good, the profound conviction of a sorrowful disunion between God and man, were impressions constantly being made upon them, by the stern experience through which they were passing. The proud empire of Rome was dissolving; their gods had lost all significance and use; they were no longer able to save, they were as weak as men in the presence of the impending calamities; social disorder and even anarchy was gathering around them; all were unhappy, disappointed, fearful, and there was none to save; the proud memories of the past were eclipsed in the miseries and disorders of the present; the golden visions of the future faded away before appalling calamities which impended; "Mars, and Quirinus, and then Rome, and last of all Victory, the last objects of their worship and their hopes, faded from the imagination; the old mythology had fallen to the ground, discredited by its results, disproved by the event; it was powerless in spiritual energy; it was weak to shield from disaster and discomfiture; it could neither satisfy the wants of the soul, nor protect the State or the individual. Worldly pride was baffled, worldly hopes were dashed to pieces, commotions were within and the barbarians were without. The

State in the madness of despair rushed on to ruin; the individual in his doubts, and misery, and helplessness, cried out for God. He was not afar off; in the person of his Son he stood knocking at the door."

In some of the most thoughtful spirits of those days, this gloomy sense of dissatisfaction vented itself in murmurs and rebellions against the public conduct of affairs, against the government, against the degeneracy of the times. But this was but a symptom of the malady, not the malady itself. The malady lay deep in the spiritual nature of man, deep in the foundations of sentiment and conscience. "It was from this sense of depression and discontent with the frame of the outer world that arose the remarkable change which now appears in the expression of heathen philosophy. We open now on an era of preaching instead of discussion, of moral discourses, of spiritual improvement from events and circumstances, of the analysis of virtues and vices, of exhortations to the one, warnings against the other. The philosopher is no longer a logician with an essay, nor a sophist with a declamation; he is a master, a preacher, a confessor, or director of souls. He is a witness of God, bearing testimony to a divine law. We meet no more among the masters of human wisdom with subtle inquiries into the operations of the intellect; but addresses straight to the heart and spirit; advice tender or severe, remonstrances indignant or affectionate; exhortations to fervent prayer and self-inquiry; enticements to love and charity; earnest declarations, as from a higher source of knowledge, of the unity of man with man, and the common ties of sympathy which bind all the families of the earth together. Such are the topics handled in the pulpits of Seneca and Epictetus, of Dion and Juvenal, of Plutarch and Aurelius."

While St. Paul in illustrating the progress of an awakened soul toward the apprehension of a divine and necessary Redeemer, was crying, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Seneca was exclaiming, "Great is the conflict between the flesh and spirit!" and Persius was exclaiming, "O this accursed flesh!" Surely of such Christ himself would have said, "Ye are not far from the kingdom."

But whence came this new cry of the pagan nature? Whence this new and remarkable preaching of philosophy? How far was it caught from the tone of Christian preaching? "Beyond doubt," says Mr. Merivale, "the preaching of the Christians was beginning in the second century to make impression upon

the heart of stone of the heathen. Thus much at least we may accept as unquestionable, that wherever Christian preaching really penetrated, the greater ardor with which it was delivered, the stronger assurance by which it was accompanied—above all, the higher sanction to which it appealed, gave it a force, a life, a power far beyond any thing that could fall from mere heathen lips." But just here the author makes a concession that we can not fully indorse, namely, "that independently of Christian preaching and Christian revelation, and of all special working of God's Holy Spirit on men's minds, the heathen world was at this time gravitating, through natural causes, such as we have already traced, toward the acknowledgment of the cardinal doctrines of humanity which the Son of God dwelt among us in flesh to illustrate, to extend, and to ratify." It is to the qualifications of this sentence that we object—that this movement of the heathen world "was independent of Christian preaching and Christian revelation," and especially, that "it was independent of all special working of God's Holy Spirit on men's minds." It is true that this process of transition was going forward, that to a great extent it was led forward by natural causes, by which the author means God's superintending and guiding providence; but what theology or philosophy is it that needs to exclude the direct agency of God's Holy Spirit from mental and spiritual states and conditions which God's own providence is aiming to produce? We believe undoubtingly that God was leading the pagan mind through the stern events of history to the correction of old errors and the apprehension of new and broader truths; at the same time we just as undoubtingly believed that the agency of the Holy Spirit was at the same time applying these providential events to the awakening, in human spirits, of that sense of the miseries of the world, of the insufficiency of human aims, of the weakness of human resolves, of the opposition of human nature to the eternal rules of right; that sense of sin inherent in our mortal being; that spiritual apprehension which constitutes the true preparation for Christianity, and which was exactly the state of the pagan empire before it passed over into the Christian.

In this remarkable attitude we find the pagan mind in the second and third centuries of the Christian era. They felt about, as men still dazzled or purblind, for the "unknown God," for the Being invisible and inaccessible, whose existence was made known to them by the stern experiences through which they were passing, and for whom their souls, in their

conscious weakness and uncertainty, and amid the struggles which they felt within them of the flesh against the spirit, were earnestly crying out. They stood face to face with Christ, and as in a memorable incident recorded in the Gospel, they must either accept or reject him. Like the disciples on that occasion, the cry of their souls is, "To whom shall we go? Who will give us the words of eternal life?" On every side was evinced the need of a revelation from heaven, such as would give inquiring minds that assurance of peace which they were unable to find in the jarring systems of the old philosophy. In the increasing sympathy of man with man, and in the development of the spirit of prayer, and in the demand for communion with God, it is sufficiently plain that the teachings of the Christians had been making way in the world.

Many a mind was now ripe for conversion to the true God, to the religion which teaches the equality of men in his sight, which proclaims the abolition of exclusive spiritual privileges, and which leads the sinner to the one Being who can forgive his sin, and bids him seek God in the prayer of an enlightened faith, entreat for reconciliation with him, and accept the doctrine of the divine atonement, mediation, and redemption.

"While thousands day by day were going through this spiritual process, and attaining to this blessed conversion," says Mr. Merivale, "it is remarkable how meager are the records of their experience which have been transmitted to us. We would give much for a genuine and full account of the heathen pilgrim's progress 'from this world to that which is to come.' One partial glimpse of such progress is afforded us in a work called 'The Clementines,' which pretends to narrate the conversion of a certain Roman named Clemens; and which, though itself a fiction, is clearly a fiction drawn from real life in the age before us. It represents the mental condition of a youth, devout and pious by nature, harassed by intellectual doubts, unsettled by the strife of conflicting opinions, longing for the truth, and painfully seeking it, till led at length, after many a pang of disappointment, to the only sure refuge and haven of the soul."

Thousands were constantly passing through the same process, and in this broken, subdued, inquiring, longing attitude of soul they were brought face to face with Christianity and Christians, and the transition was made in a moment. They were ready for it; they were prepared on all sides. "Gently the Holy Spirit had trained and manipulated them, and they

stood like spirits imprisoned waiting for the Word of God to set them free. A word, a touch, an invisible impulse, a breath of sympathy from the source of life everlasting, might kindle their imaginations as with fire, and set their hearts aglow with holy flame."

All this is indicated by a striking incident recorded at the time, in a story of individual conversion which betokens in a single typical instance the operation of the Holy Spirit diffused at one moment in the hearts of millions. "Hearken to me, O philosopher," said a Christian divine to one who hovered, wondering and perplexed, about the footsteps of the fathers as they marched triumphantly to the chamber in which the great Council of Nice was being held, "hearken in the name of Jesus Christ. There is one only God, creator of the heavens and the earth, and of all things visible and invisible. He has made every thing by the power of his Word, and established all by the sanctity of his Spirit. This Word is he whom we call the Son of God; who taking pity on the errors of men, and their way of life, like that of the beasts which perish, has deigned to be born of a woman, to dwell among us, and to die for us. He will come again as a Judge of all their deeds upon earth, as a punisher and a rewarder. Behold simply the sum of our belief. Seek not with pain and anxiety for the proof of things which faith can only realize, nor for the reason of their existence. Say only, Wilt thou believe?" The philosopher trembled and stammered, "I believe!"

And so it was with the heathen generally. The case of this individual inquirer is a type of the heathen society gasping for spiritual life. In this story we read, as in a myth, the conversion of the Roman Empire. "Argument and conjecture, testimony and proof had been accumulated from generation to generation; the decision of mankind was trembling in the balance. Then came the last touching appeal to the court of final resort, to the heart, to the source of all spiritual faith. God was in it; the world believed; the Roman Empire was converted."

Go down into your hearts and take the keys of them and ransack your private cupboards and narrowly observe what junkets your souls have hitherto lived upon, and gone behind the door and there secretly and stoutly made a meal of them. As dogs have bones they hide and secretly steal forth to gnaw upon, so men have sins they hide under their tongues as sweet bits.—*Goodwin.*

POSITION VERSUS HONORABLE TOIL.

BY ISA INGLE.

CHAPTER I.

"IF I were a man I could do what my mind prompts me to do; but as I am a woman I must be bound, trammelled, and never walk beyond the confines of custom. Twelve hours a day, and I receive one dollar!"

Thus soliloquized a young girl as she sat by the open window, a fair June landscape before her. She heeded not the shifting evening light that painted earth in beauty. There was no charm in the dim columns of silver sheen in the far east, nor in the river winding in and out among the trees that skirted the west, flashing in the steel-gray light. There was no gentleness in her soul that night; she thirsted for position in society.

Carrie Brown was young and beautiful. Her woven hair was bound back from a dark, oval face, exquisite in its perfectness. Her large eyes were filled with ever-varying flashes or softened into wells of deep, loving tenderness. Her delicately-tinted cheek and rich lips, her graceful form and shapely hands—she was indeed what the world calls magnificent. Palmer & Co. paid her one dollar a week more than other clerks received to secure her valuable services. Palmer & Co. always employed attractive, easy clerks, and Carrie's loveliness caused them to be magnanimous to the extent of one dollar! She knew there was little justice in such favor, and never spoke inconsiderately to the plainer girl who toiled beside her.

That day as she measured off an elegant silk for a lady she caught a low-voiced conversation between her customers.

"Pity she is only a clerk. She had better stay at home if she has one. What a belle she might be!"

"For my part, I think any girl who comes every day into public to be stared at has little modesty and no regard for herself. She had better stay at home if she marries to obtain one."

They swept graciously out of the store, leaving Carrie's cheek tingling with shame, the hot blood leaping through her veins and scorching her throbbing heart. "Only a clerk!" Deep and yet deeper those words wounded. High-spirited and proud, as she was lovely, she could ill brook the sarcasm. All day she had flashed lightning with her expressive eyes, and the curl of her haughty lip rendered her a despotic queen among her companions, for they

drew back and gazed wonderingly. When work hours were over she wrapped her mantle about her, and with a steady, firm step walked before Mr. Palmer.

"Well, Miss Brown, what wish you? Your department needs a new supply?"

"No, sir. I would like a final settlement to-night, Mr. Palmer."

"That's sudden. Any body offered you higher wages?"

"No, sir."

"Going to be married?"

"Yes, sir," and a dusky pallor swept over her face, and her lips were compressed with a bitter firmness.

"Indeed! I congratulate you and envy your husband; but will you not remain one day till I supply your place? You should have given me warning."

"I did not think of leaving so soon till to-day. It will be utterly impossible for me to remain even half a day."

Mr. Palmer knew that urging was useless, and she left the store in agony of spirit. Her very soul cried out against the path she had marked out for herself, but she could never live and be "only a clerk."

Harvey Warner was a young and wealthy merchant. Reckless, unprincipled, and stylish—a cloak for many sins—he was courted in society. He admired Carrie, and, knowing that she would preside over his elegant establishment with grace, he had offered her his *preference*, for love he knew not. Her rare beauty, then, had rescued her from *ignominious clerkdom*. She had been flattered, and without giving a final decision she had kept Harvey fluttering about her. She had little confidence in him, and never gave a serious thought to the idea of becoming his wife till the day that her pride was wounded.

The shadows of the night grew darker till a purple haze overspread the sky, and Carrie lay down upon her couch saying, "I ought certainly to be happy; I shall be surrounded with every thing beautiful."

Morning dawned gloriously. The mountains, lighted by the rays of an early sun, rejoiced in the play of a thousand colors. The hills, rising and falling, were dotted with golden splendor, while the valleys gleamed darkly forth. A marvelous, misty, transparent harmony pervaded nature. Higher, higher mounted the sun, and a great storm-cloud, a wrathful tempest-cloud floated over from the west and shut out the dazzling rays from earth. Then Carrie Brown became the wife of Harvey Warner.

Married for a home! Married a man she did not "love, honor, and obey," because she coveted position and scorned labor! She cringed when she saw the scornful glance and heard the commanding voice of the overbearing and heedless. She had no confidence in that little monitor that whispers, "Do right." She had no faith in her woman's strength, and despised the part that she had so long filled. She descended from the throne of purity to become the wife of a man merely for a home and the smile of society, yet she could not do her duty and cease thinking "only a clerk." She knew that honest toil did not degrade her in the sight of Heaven and all high-minded people, yet, poor girl, she married for a home! Alas! there are too many such. We would hear less of domestic trouble if all consulted their own hearts and obeyed their first truthful intuitions. There is too much sacrifice on the part of women of womanly feeling for an elegant home. Will Carrie Brown be happier surrounded with luxury than she would be as clerk in the house of Palmer & Co.?

CHAPTER II.

"I think, Harvey, that you and I had better attend this entertainment of Mrs. Hall's. It is to be a splendid affair," said Carrie one morning as her husband arose to depart.

He shook his head.

"No, I have another engagement," and he walked toward the door.

"Harvey."

"Well."

"This treatment is very unkind. When we were first married you were not troubled with so many engagements. You ought to be ashamed of yourself," and upon each cheek a vivid crimson played.

"Really, now really! Must a husband tie himself up to his wife? I sha'n't, if all the rest of creation please so to do. I have introduced you to society, and your lady friends call upon you. What more do you wish, madam?" and he faced her with a half smile and half sneer upon his lips.

Her flashing eyes were filled with a strange, unnatural brilliancy, and she rigidly replied, "I wish, sir, the respectful treatment of my husband if nothing more. I have borne too long your neglect. You seem to forget, sir, that you have a wife and child. They merit your attention."

"Do you need a new dress?" he coolly asked.

"No, no," she replied, and quickly left the room, well knowing that her tried patience

would soon give way, and his hasty temper would kindle a dangerous flame. During the first year of their married life he had been attentive and kind. She cared as much for him as was possible considering she became his wife for the house he prepared for her and the garments she should wear. Since that time he had found other charms, new faces, and gay scenes that enticed him from her side. She had no reason to complain; she had a home and every luxury that she desired. She could not give him the quick, warm impulses of her heart, for they froze ere they escaped her own inner life. She had been pitied because she was "only a clerk," now because she was a neglected wife; yet she had elegant surroundings, even if her heart bled with each throb.

The night dragged wearily away, and the silver-toned clock counted three when Harvey Warner came to his house. The clouds of resentment and hate had settled upon the brow of Carrie, and with irony in her tone she simply said, "Really, Mr. Warner, so early?"

"This is the hour I please to return; that is what you mean, I suppose," and he tossed his cap upon the table, and, sitting down in an easy chair, hummed a tune indifferently.

"You must think, Harvey, that it is pleasant for me to remain here all the long day and night waiting and watching for you."

"Go to bed. You must have a vast amount of sense to sit up till morning waiting for a fellow to come home. One thing I wish you to distinctly understand, I will hear no more of this foolish baby-talk about neglect. If you want any thing ask for it; that is all I have to say," and he turned a cold, grim face toward her.

"I shall not understand your cruel treatment in such a favorable light. I have suffered too much already. I used to be passably happy."

"When you were a girl, and tied up bundles," he retorted.

"Yes, sir," she responded, while her voice trembled with passion. "Yes, sir, I was comparatively happy. I was n't then reminded of former days, neither had I the bitter knowledge that I was an unloved wife. I would give my breath to be where I stood three years since."

Her eyes burned into his with the fire of injured pride.

"You can go there at any time, madam. I have found your sweet temper entertaining and lovable, yet certainly I never did any thing in my whole life that I so much regretted as I do making you my wife. Good evening,

madam," and with a sarcastic smile he left her.

She paced the room in despair. The same haughty spirit that cried out against being a menial shrieked forth with the stinging insult upon it that had at last been hurled. She had little patience, and her soul had never been purified with divine grace. What had she to sustain her in this her trial hour? Only her little earth strength. Her lips knew not the words, "Thy will be done;" her heart knew no faith, no hope. Perhaps she might have kept the kind attention of her husband had she but returned his smiles and kindness at first. She could not when her soul recoiled.

Years, three more of them, glided by. It was a Wintery night. The frosty air tossed the light snow in great heaps and drifted it high, higher. Icy coldness crept to every hearthstone. The pale stars came back to their nightly glimmering-place and shed a chill, shivering light. By the side of an ice-bound river was a little hut, a miserable habitation, that tottered in the wind as it swept madly over it. Within was a woman and two children. Thin and pale, deep circles surrounding her mournful eyes, she was unlike the blithe, healthful Carrie Brown who used to count yards of calico, unlike the young clerk who had no bitter experiences save those her own silly mind imagined. She wrapped her thin shawl closely about her wailing babe, for the grate was cold. Harvey had sunk lower and yet lower till he was merely a drunkard. He seldom came to the wretched abode till daylight drove him there. She could not leave her children to go forth, she could not beg, and they were starving. Colder blew the wind and louder howled the tempest. Would he never come to bring them one stick of wood? She pressed her face closely to the window, and her tears fell fast, freezing as they fell.

There was warmth, music, and joy all about her. She had entered an elysium of perfect peace. Ah, Carrie Warner, with your thin cheek frozen to the window, your frozen hand drawing the thin wrappings about your frozen babe, you are entering your last home, where there are no maids and mistresses, no masters and servants.

Harvey found her cold and dead. He was shocked and horrified. Little Nellie, his eldest child, called "mamma" vainly and crouched timidly away from her father. They buried her—buried her who had lived a bitter, godless life to satisfy a selfish, unwomanly desire. There are lives more gallant than that of in-

dustrious toil; there are sharper thorns than unkind slights; there are deeper crimes than maintaining one's self by every-day labor. It is descending from a woman's true dignity to leave a situation where she maintains herself to become the wife of a man who is reckless, dissipated, and unworthy the confidence of a high-minded woman.

Perhaps, reader, you think I have portrayed a fancy sketch. Through the shadowy night I see a tombstone gleaming in its whiteness, and thereon is engraven:

CARRIE,

Died January 3, 1862,

Aged 24 years, one month, and three days.

Erected by Palmer & Co.

"There is rest in heaven."

I think of the chill river—the mystic river—the golden harps, and the white-robed throng, and sigh, for I wonder if a wasted life finds peace and repose there.

THE POET'S LONGINGS.

BY STEPHEN H. WRIGHT.

BRIGHT is the smile upon the skies to-day,
And Heaven's blessing seems to settle down
Upon the blue hills stretching far away,
And forests which the early frosts imbrown.
I see the wood beyond the stubble-field,
Whose hazy nooks the children's feet explore,
Piling the brown nuts 'neath the leaves concealed,
With cumbrous weight in checkered pinfold.

O, it is sacrilege to toil to-day!

My spirit pants from labor to be free,
To live with the roving breeze, away, away,
And toy with the white billows of the sea;
To roam like a wild deer the mountain side,
And penetrate with curious, quaint desire
Those rocky dells where mystery doth abide,
And quivering echoes linger—and expire;

To sit alone within some cavern old,

Where coolness like a benediction falls,
And rocky basins, ever brimming, hold
The drops that trickle from the moss-grown walls;
To seek the hills ere the uprising sun
Hath pierced their leaf-inwoven covert through;
To shake the night-gems from the bending fern,
And bathe my brow with cooling mountain dew;

Protected from the fierce meridian ray

By thick, umbrageous boughs of hemlock tall,
To sit and muse the moping hours away
Beside some tiny, tinkling waterfall;
To soar aloft with pinion firm and true,
Like yon fair bird with plumage white as snow,
Mount the cool air and cleave the ether blue,
And leave the world a less'ning speck below.

AN INCIDENT IN OUR HONEYMOON.
FROM THE "LEISURE HOUR."

I DO not know if any one else will think the story I am going to try to write down as interesting as we—that is, John and I—did. I will try to tell it in the simple words in which it was told to us. But, first, I must say that we heard it during our honeymoon, which we were spending at a cottage in the beautiful park of Lord —; I shall call him Dimdale. The cottage was situated in a wild and lonely part of it; and the deer used to come up close to the door, and lie under the fine old oaks, through whose branches the sun glimmered on the soft, warm turf and clumps of young fern. And how the birds sang! for it was the beginning of May, and fine hot weather. But to come at once to the story.

In one of our walks we had made acquaintance with the clergyman, Mr. Morton, an old man, with a placid sweet smile, and long snow-white hair, who somehow gave one the idea of perfect happiness and peace. He asked us to drink tea with him in his vicarage, to which we gladly agreed; and he led us through paths in the forest, all bordered with primroses and bluebells, to a small house covered with creepers and in front having a garden as neat as you can imagine a garden to be, and full of old-fashioned flowers, such as crown imperials, starch hyacinths, and polyanthus, and sweet with southern-wood, etc. On entering the house, I perceived that the parlor was full of children's toys and work-baskets, and I expected every moment that a whole flock of grandchildren would come rushing in; but none appeared.

I suppose Mr. Morton observed my surprise, for while we were at tea, before the open window, he said: "Mrs. Fairfield, I see you looking at those toys, and wondering what little children come here to enliven an old man's loneliness; but no child comes here. The little girl whose busy fingers last dressed that wooden baby, would have been an old woman now, and the merry boys who laughed and shouted at play with those horses, would have been elderly, care-worn men. Yes, they were mine; and in one week they all left me."

I uttered some exclamation of pity, and he went on in a dreamy voice, as if more to himself than to us, looking from the window all the time:

"Yes, thank you, my dear young lady. In one week, wife and children were taken, and I became the solitary man I have been ever

since. . . . It was in a fever," he continued, after a pause—"a fever brought here by some wanderers, who came one night to a barn near the village, where one died, and from whom the infection spread. The weather was very bad for it—burning hot and very dry; there was no rain or dew, so that the flowers drooped and the leaves withered with the Summer sun beating down all day long. There were deaths around me every day, and the bell was always tolling for the passing of a soul or a funeral. They brought the coffins that way," and he pointed to a green path out of the forest, "in the evening, when one could hardly see them and their attendants against the dark-green foliage in the dusk.

"I went to the sick as much as possible; but I took every possible precaution against infection to my wife and children. We would have sent our darlings away, but we had no one to send them to, and we were a mile and a half away from any infected house. We had three children: Ellen, about eight years old, a thoughtful, quiet, loving little thing, older than her years. How she used to trot about the house after her mother, trying to help her, and looking up at her, with calm, deep-blue eyes! Then there was Hugh and Harry, rosy, boisterous boys, and their mother—Ellen, Ellen. All that your bride can be to you, Mr. Fairfield, my wife was to me."

He was silent, and looked from the lattice window into the sweet Spring evening, at the swallows darting about in the sunshine, the young green leaves and the flowers, whose scent floated through the open window, thinking of the dear companion who had once walked by his side in that sunshine, and tended those flowers with him.

"One evening," he went on, "I was at liberty, and we took the children out, letting the breeze, what there was of it, blow from us to the village. We went to a hill, from whence we could see the silent village afar off. The boys ran about and shouted in their glee, but little Ellen came and laid her golden head on my knee, and looked in my face, with her deep sweet eyes. She said: 'Papa, there must be a great many people sorrowful down there in the village. I would like to help them. I wish we could comfort them. I should like so much.' I told her how we could help them, by asking Him who sends us all our troubles to help us to bear them patiently, knowing that they are sent in love and pity. Then we walked home, for the sun was setting like a red ball of fire. The children gathered great nosegays of roses and honeysuckles, which they put in water

when we got home. The smell of a honey-suckle always brings that evening again before me.

"My darling laid her doll to sleep just as it lies now, and wished it and myself good-night; the boys arranged all their playthings, and then their mother took them to bed, and I sat here, where I am now, looking into the darkening night. I heard them sing the evening hymn—Ellen and her mother, softly and clearly—the boys with loud, eager, joyous voices—and my heart was very thankful for the many blessings vouchsafed to me.

"That night there was a great cry in our house, as in Egypt of old, for our first-born was to die. The fever had begun. Our frightened servants ran from the house at midnight, and we were left alone with our stricken child. The morning dawned. The boys awoke, and we bid them dress themselves and go and play in the forest. Meanwhile I went to Marston, the nearest town, for the doctor and a nurse, resolved, on their arrival, that I would take the boys away to the woodman's wife, Annice; I knew she would take care of them. But neither nurse nor doctor could be spared from Marston; and all that burning July day we watched by our darling's bed, listening to the distant sound of the boys at play in the forest, commingling with her ravings. Hardly ravings either, for there was nothing frightful; all was happiness and peace, as her young life had been. She talked of Harry and Hugh, of her birds and flowers, and of appearing in the presence of her dear Savior.

"At last the long, dreadful day was wearing away. The sun was lowering, and we saw the struggle was nearly over. Those who had that fever rarely lived more than twenty-four hours, even the strong, much less one like our darling. About sunset I heard a voice under the window. It was Annice, who had heard of our trouble and had come to help us. I went down to speak to her, and she told me we were to part with our merry, healthy boys. I had not dared to go near them all day; but we had heard their voices within an hour. But Annice had found them and recognized the ghastly sounds too well. I knew, too, as soon as I saw them. I went back to tell their mother, and we sent Annice to be with them, and staid with the one from whom we were first to part.

"It was dark now, and the stars came out, and a red glow on the horizon showed where the moon was to rise by and by. Ellen was talking of walking as we had done last night. 'Papa, I am very tired; do carry me home; we are coming very near home now, are n't we,

very near home?' Then we were in Church. You have seen how the sunset light shines on the monument to the Lady Dimdale, lighting up the sweet, pure face that is raised to heaven? She thought she saw it. 'It is growing dark; I want to see the glory on the monument. Ah! there it is; the head is all bright and shining. It is looking at me. I am coming. Such a glory is all around. I am coming. Wait till the hymn is sung, or papa and mamma will be vexed.' And she raised herself, and stretched out her arms; and, as loud and sweet as last night she had sung in health and reason, she now sung the evening hymn:

'Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O! keep me'—

And so singing, the angel of Death, that had come so gently to her, took her home. We stood by her grave that night under the solemn stars, and, grief-stricken, thanked the chastening Father for the child he had given and taken away.

"But a great horror fell on me when we went back to our remaining dear ones. It was in bitter anguish that our little Harry left us. He was so strong and so healthy, that he struggled hard to live. He wanted to be out in the forest at play, he said, to feel the fresh air, and to cool his burning hands in the sparkling brook. No vision of glory calmed his last hour, and we were thankful when the end had come.

"Then Hugh woke up from the deadly stupor in which he had lain. He saw his brother lie still and quiet in his little crib; and when his mother took him on her lap, he said in his own sweet, lisping voice: 'Harry is better now; I'll be better soon, mamma.'

"His mother told him Harry would never be ill any more, and never sorry; but, taken to his Savior, would rest and be happy for evermore.

" 'I'll rest, too, till morning, mamma;' and so, clasping his little hands round her neck, he went to his eternal rest; and we were childless!

"After the little coffins had been laid by the first we had followed there, Ellen, my own Ellen, and I sat together on that seat in the twilight. Well do I remember the night. The air was heavy with the scent of hay and flowering bean-fields; bats wheeled round our heads, and great white moths and cockchafers flitted past us. We talked of our darlings, and how perhaps even then their angel spirits were near us; and we felt that it was well. We had laid them in the dark bosom of the earth for a time; but it would soon pass away—O! very, very

soon, and then how light the present bitterness!

"'And, dear heart,' I said to my beloved one, 'we have still each other; we will not be desolate.' And we felt peace in our hearts, even the peace of God, that the world can not give. But the pestilence that walketh in darkness had not yet done its mission.

"'My dearest,' my wife said to me one day, 'I am going to leave you too; you will then be alone, but do not let your heart break. A little while—a few years—and then we shall all meet together before the throne of the Lamb!'

"I watched one day by my wife's dying bed with Annice, and I remember no more. A long, frightful dream, a deep stupor succeeded. When I awoke it was evening, and the golden sunshine was in my room. From the window I could see into the forest; I saw that rain had fallen, and the grass and leaves were green again. The lurid mist had cleared away, and the sky was soft and blue. All looked joyous and glad; but I knew there was no more earthly gladness for me: the blessed rain had fallen on the graves of all I loved, and the grass grew green upon them.

"I need not tell of all I suffered; it has long gone by. When I first came down here from my chamber, all was as I had left it the night that sorrow first fell upon us. The very flowers, gathered by the little hands that were stilled forever, were there, but dry and dead. I would not let any thing be moved. So they have been for fifty years, and so they will be till I join those who left them there. And in the quiet evening I can see them unaltered before me. Ellen, my wife, with her quiet eyes and smile, in the wicker-work chair; and little Ellen deftly working by her side, with a sedate womanly look on her sweet face; and the boys at noisy play around them. And then I feel that I am alone. But He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, has helped me through all my lonely days.

"And now all I have to tell is told. Perhaps you wonder at my telling it. I could not have done it twenty, nor even ten years ago; but I am now an old man, eighty-five years of age; and it can not be long ere the changes and chances of this mortal life are over for me. A long life have I had, and rest will be sweet after the burden and heat of the day. I never see the sunset light on the Lady Dimdale's sweet face, without thinking of the shining glory round that angelic head, that seemed to call my little Ellen home, and longing for the time when I too shall go home to her, and her

gentle mother, and her two happy brothers, and above all to their Savior and to mine."

And when Mr. Morton was silent, we rose up gently, and bade him good-night, and walked home through the quiet forest. The influence of his calm, resigned spirit seemed to us to pervade all things; and I earnestly prayed that when our day, dark or sunshiny as it may be, is over, and the golden evening falls, that the wondrous peace which is his, may be ours also. John and I, as we walked along, talked seriously of our future life, and of the vast importance of possessing that faith in God, and trust in the Savior, which alone would fit us to endure with calmness the shocks of earthly sorrow and trial. And the twilight fell gently around us as we came to the cottage door.

THE GERM OF LIFE.

BY ANNA JULIA TOY.

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon."

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language."

THE growth of Christian life, like that of nature, is from an inner central principle. Examine a seed; you will notice a little spot from which the shoot will come, and from which the entire growth, however large, will proceed. This is called the "embryo." All other parts of the seed were made for it, and to it they are all subservient. The "albumen," or what we call the body of the seed, simply nourishes the germ, and the sun, the earth, the air, all combine to wake up and call out its life. Yet all these outside influences effect nothing, except in so far as they are assimilated to the nature of the plant, *becoming part of the life within*—for the embryo grows by *development*.

Now nature is ever ready to become our teacher in spiritual things. The analogy between vegetable growth and spiritual growth is striking and beautiful. Deep within the human soul is the embryo of life. We know it is there—we feel it is there. Its restless principle is ever astir. We can scarcely decide what to term it. Perhaps it is what the Bible calls "a portion of the spirit given to every man to profit withal."

In the unconverted soul this blessed "portion" struggles toward God; but the debris of sin bruises, confines, and crushes it, so that it can not grow. At the new birth the hand of God removes this impenetrable accumulation,

waters the germ with the rich showers of his grace, and infuses into it new life. It springs up and we call it "devotion"—devotion to God. It is the center of the soul—the impulse of the whole being—the sap which invigorates the entire growth. It is the central principle of thought, of action, of feeling, of motive, and of words. The mental, the moral, the physical are all subservient to it. The society of the world, the beauties of nature, reading, prayer, meditation, contemplation of the Divine attributes, conversation, every thing ministers to its strength.

The plant may be weak at first. Frosts may sear and rough winds sway, but they will not destroy. The soul, whose devotion is pure, stands unscathed; its forcefulness can not be neutralized by misfortune.

Then branches will spring from the parent stem. The Bible names them—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. These are developed naturally from a vigorous growth. *They can not be inserted upon the exterior.*

Yet how often we, as professed Christians, try to produce these branches by *grafting*! We endeavor to insert a good temper here, a kindly act there, a useful word or thought in some other place upon a dead worldly heart. But they fail to thrive. As well might we graft a vigorous bud of foreign growth upon a decayed vegetable stock. It is but waste of effort. One says, "I must be more humble," and all his acts of voluntary humility are but pride and self. Another says, "I must be more patient." He succeeds in a few specific cases perhaps, but the graft dies each time. One feels he lacks "assurance of faith," but he tries in vain to rest in God; for perfect confidence comes only from entire devotion.

The heart is the true seat of this embryo. As in the seed-growth, the *light* does not penetrate to the *germ* and cause its springing, so intellect will never produce religious life; yet both aid in subsequent growth—in beautifying and perfecting. The intellect may understand, it can never obey. It may know, but it can never love. Its soil is too cold for the warm, earnest growth of Christian faith.

Do you wish explained the connection between this living principle of the Christian soul and the exterior life? As well might one try to point out the connection between the living principle of the tree and its organized structure. It can not be done. We judge of the fact of the connection in each case solely from its results. The tree shoots out its branches and leaves and brings forth fruit. Its shadow gives

rest to the weary and the birds of the air sing among its branches. We know it is strongly alive. The soul in unison with God "brings forth fruit unto everlasting life." It is strong in rectitude, firm in virtue, calm in trial, and its trust in the Divine arm is secured. "*We know we have passed from death unto life.*"

There is in this devotion to God, not only a principle of self-development, but also of self-multiplication. All life has within itself the power of reproduction; and where is the holy soul whose activities center within itself? As well might the tree seek to infold its branches and hide its luscious fruit within its own trunk! It can not be. The energies of a soul divinely alive must extend, that by its instrumentalities other souls may be born of God. Faith and love, like winged seed, from their very formation, must be borne away to take root in other soil.

The seasons most favorable to this seed-growth are Spring and Summer. If germination take place late, development will be nipped by the winds of Autumn or the snows of Winter. If through neglect development be slow, age will arrest its progress before it can mature. Then how necessary that in youth, nay, in childhood, we consecrate ourselves wholly to God! How necessary to be certain that the germ of devotion is vigorous, and to cultivate it into beautiful and symmetrical development! It will require all our time and all our care. We must call in the aid of every possible, gracious, and intellectual acquirement. We must prune and guide the growth, leaving no dead or crooked branches. Then surely the fruits will be such as the great Husbandman will gather into the garner of the skies. But what will best furnish the spiritual nourishment required? The truths of the Bible and the manifestation of the love and purity of the New Testament. Then let us search the Scriptures. Perfect conformity of our will to that of God, and the transformation of the spirit of our mind to that of Christ—these we will seek through prayer, good books, good company, good influences of all kinds. We will place ourselves as far as possible in a position to obtain these. We will meditate on the Divine character; apprehend and appreciate it to the extent that we may, so as to become plants prepared to bloom "by the pure river of the water of life." For this corporeal will not always be the embodiment of this germ. It serves now its purpose well; but this mortal shall put on immortality. Faith looks forward in sure and certain prospect, and even now has the joyful earnest of perfection in a better clime.

JESUS WEPT.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

JESUS was the warm, sympathetic friend of sinful, suffering, bereaved humanity. He bore with him wherever he went a heart that was ever touched by the sight of human suffering and sorrow. And not only did that human heart feel ever for human grief and pain, but it never failed to enlist the power of his divine nature in order to the relief of the same. Whether he stands at the couch of the sick, the bedside of the dying, or the grave of the dead, we behold in him the deepest and tenderest human sympathies—drawing on the resources of his infinite nature to heal, raise up, or quicken into new being.

Does a widowed mother, joined by sorrowing friends, follow her only son with bleeding heart to the grave? This is more than the tender-hearted, compassionate Jesus can witness without stirring the energy that "made the world," and the result is, the overjoyed mother goes home with her living son! Is Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, and the friend of Jesus, dead and in his grave? and do the hearts of these pious sisters ache with sorrow and pain over the treasure they have committed to the dust? The heart of the compassionate One enters with holiest sympathy into their bereavement, and ere long the tomb surrenders to their embrace the departed one. "Jesus wept!" So exclaims the beloved disciple in the shortest, simplest, sublimest verse of Holy Writ. The manhood in Jesus bends over the grave and weeps—for that element of his being only could weep; while the Godhood in him authoritatively utters, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he that was dead came forth! We scarcely know which the more to admire under the circumstances, the man weeping or the God summoning the dead back to life! One thing is certain, the deep human sympathies of Jesus led him to the performance of this great miracle.

Jesus wept! It is soothing to the Christian heart, experienced in affliction and bereavement, to contemplate Jesus in this beautiful element of his nature. For none the less exquisitely tender and outflowing are the sympathies of Jesus toward his people now in bereavement, than when over the grave of his friend and follower "Jesus wept." That heart is still a human heart, and is, therefore, still touched by the griefs and sorrows of those it loves. Time has made no change, and absence in the body from his people created no diminution in the wealth and preciousness of the Savior's sym-

pathy! He may not now, as he did when he mingled personally amid scenes of suffering and sorrow in our world, raise our loved ones from the tomb; but he gives us the blessed assurance that they are at rest, and that he will himself

"Watch all their dust,
Till he shall bid it rise."

As certainly shall the pious families of Christ, separated by death, meet again never to part in the deathless world, as did the family at Bethany in this. Let all Christ's sorrowing ones, therefore, take asylum in his precious human sympathy and his almighty power. At the great day of the saints of all ages and climes, both the man and the God Jesus shall be over the graves of his people, as he was at the tomb of Lazarus, with the same life-restoring power! The dead in Christ, at the voice of an energy which created all things, shall come forth from their dusty beds, and the reunion of long-separated families and friends shall then be eternal in the skies!

Jesus wept! If we seek refuge, reader, in the sympathy of Jesus, we may rest assured that he will alike take care of us and of those from our household, whom death has transferred beyond the river. The grief-stricken and bereaved of earth have in the scene at the grave of Lazarus the precious assurance, if they be the friends of Jesus, that they shall one day retrieve all their losses and overtake all their pious friends in the better world. It is under the sublime inspiration of this assured conviction, that the saints of all ages have dared, in life's most solemn, trying hours, to sing,

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day."

ADVANTAGES OF DISCRETION.

THERE is no talent so useful toward rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the power of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the duller sort of men, and in common speech called "discretion"—a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals pass through the world in great tranquillity, neither giving nor taking offense. For want of a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion, every thing fails. Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age.—*Swift*.

CHRIST AS A REFORMER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PERE FELIX.

BY CORA A. LACROIX.

THREE things may unite to show forth the sign of Divinity in a social, moral, and religious transformation. The first is the superhuman character of the deed considered in itself and in the magnitude of its proportions; the second, the total absence of the means employed by men to bring about human revolutions or transformations; the third, the radical antagonism of the deed with the circumstances in the midst of which it is accomplished. In a word, to realize without any human resource, and against all the tendencies of an age, a transformation which has no point in common with the transformations brought about by man. Such is the triple prodigy which appears in the execution of the design conceived and willed by the Divine Reformer.

How can I represent to you with its true features, how shall I trace in its true proportions, the colossal deed accomplished in humanity by Jesus Christ the reformer? A thousand times these pictures have been drawn, and often by the hands of masters; and perhaps from the very fact of the frequency of the repetitions this wonderful transformation has lost something of its power to astonish us. This great Christian work, which has shone forth in its full splendor for so many long centuries, is for us, in the moral world, what the sun is to the physical; from the fact that we never cease to see it, we cease to be astonished at it. The universality of its light seems to veil the luster of its wonderfulness. Many have even attempted to efface from this incomparable work the seal of Divinity. It appears to them, or at least they pretend so, that this exceptional deed might have come under the empire of certain laws which rule history and govern humanity. They consent to see in it the very highest uprising in the moral world, the same as certain mountains appear as the highest elevations of the surface of the earth; and they attribute this unheard-of up-heaval to some mysterious force concealed in the depth of humanity itself, which must have made then its spontaneous explosion.

Manifestly, this is speaking without saying any thing, and this explication ends in explaining absolutely nothing; it is a defeat veiled under the pomp of words. The springing up of Christianity and the transformation it has wrought in history is not only a rare phenomenon, an extraordinary work; it is in

itself a work superhuman—it is a phenomenon extra-natural. And there is for it a very simple yet very radical reason. Nature is not stronger than nature, and humanity is not superior to humanity; it can elevate itself no higher than itself; it can not change by its own energy the fundamental conditions of its existence; in a word, it can not itself by means of itself displace the axis of its own life nor reverse the poles upon which it revolves and accomplishes all its movements. Now, that which humanity could not do by its own energy Jesus Christ has done by his Divine power—he has displaced the axis of the world, and thereby he has changed from one extremity to the other, from the center to all points of the circumference all the conditions of the life of humanity. I have called it a prodigy, and before a scientific age it is under this image above every other that I love to state the transformation accomplished by Jesus Christ—a *displacement of the axis* of humanity. God once said to the patriarch Job, "Hast thou taken it into thy hands to shake the poles of the earth?" Ah, Christ has done more than this—he has taken by its two poles not only the world temporal, but the world spiritual; he has shaken and replaced it from one extremity to the other. And because in this spiritual world there are several worlds which ought to gravitate around one and the same center, he has displaced the axis and removed the poles of all these worlds at once. The intellectual world revolved upon the pivot of human thought; man placed himself as the center of the truth. Christ comes and he changes all. He says, "I am the truth," and he places himself as the center of the intellectual world, and a day comes in which all Christian intelligences gravitate around him as satellites around their sun. The moral world revolved upon the love of self; at the two poles were pride and voluptuousness, at the center egotism. Christ comes and changes all. For the love of self he substitutes the love of himself, for pride and voluptuousness he substitutes humility and chastity, and at the center, as a pivot for the new world, for egotism he substitutes that fruitful thing from whence shall forever depart the heroic virtues, sacrifice. The social world revolved entirely upon the power of the sword; upon the one hand despotism, upon the other servitude, and at the center, as a moving force, with sword or lash in hand, human societies. Christ comes and changes all. For might he substitutes right, despotism makes way for authority, and servitude retires before liberty. And the

religious world, upon what does it revolve? What was the pivot which supported all the temples, all the altars, all the creeds, all the religions of paganism? It was this fundamental error which occupied the center of the human soul—all was God except God himself. Jesus Christ comes; he turns back toward its true pole the entire religious world; he collects and condenses upon his person the adorations dispersed upon a thousand idols, and, putting himself as the ever-living center, he creates around him and in him Christianity, the universal religion, the religion *definitive*.

I stop here; I do not wish to enumerate all the other transformations accomplished by the great Reformer. Is it possible to deny these four essential transformations? No, they have transpired before our eyes. They subsist; as the mountains of which we have spoken stand to all times, ever-visible witnesses of the convulsions which heaved them up.

And now, having given the ancient and still living fact of these transformations, one may ask himself if he has not been cognizant of some natural force and some human power which, by an energy suddenly employed, could produce at some crisis this prodigious uprising? What are the most active powers, what are the most energetic forces which may unite to work in humanity some great essential change? The first is the power of the sword; and this is no mean power. It has been its work sometimes to found empires, to overthrow institutions, to change the surface of societies. With the power of the sword there is the power of wealth, always so strong upon the eternally-avaricious human heart; the empire of gold, so powerful that even to-day it sways in the hand of potentates the balance in which are weighed the destinies of nations.

Stronger than these two powers, there is a power of laws and administrations; for if the sword can found empires, to laws alone does it belong to preserve and maintain them. This power is great; it is by it that the kings of the earth hold captive at their will the will of the people, and entangle as in a net-work both men and things. Above the power of laws there is a power of ideas, of philosophies, of opinion. To-day this latter power appears sovereign, and we might say that nothing could resist it; and yet, however great it may be, there is another that rules and governs it, it is the royalty of the world; this is queen of the world. What matters it whether this word be called the press or eloquence? In the order of things human sovereignty belongs to it. These are, if I am not mistaken, the most

effective powers which are put in play in order to agitate the world, and which may be invoked in an attempt to explain humanly the astonishing transformation of which I wish to show the principal aspects. Suppose, now, not one of these powers acting alone, but suppose all of them acting simultaneously—the power of the sword, of wealth, of laws, of science, of opinion, and, lastly, the power of the Word—yes, suppose all these giving each other the hand and uniting their forces in order to work suddenly and simultaneously this vast and profound change of humanity, do you then have in the sum of all these united forces a cause sufficient to explain such an effect? No, a thousand times, no. These powers, more or less, have always existed in the bosom of civilizations. When have they, even thus reciprocally supporting each other, produced, I will not say such a transformation, but one which merits alone to be compared with it even afar off? To-day all of these forces exist as, perhaps, they never existed. How many swords and cannons there are to-day! What gold and riches, what laws, what policy in public offices, what science and philosophy, what eloquence and literature in our new world! Yet with all these try if you can to produce a parallel. Change the poles of life and displace the axis of the world; if you are able, by the effective complicity of all these, found upon the conscience a new kingdom of souls, vast as humanity, durable as time, and above all dare to announce it beforehand, dare to say that you are going to succeed, and that neither time nor men shall be able to do any thing toward throwing down your structure. Yes, I know some new apostles have attempted it of late; they have thought that there was nothing more simple than to imitate and even surpass a little this Christ-Reformer of the world. But scarcely had they commenced than their fabric has sunken in with a crash, and there has fallen upon its ruins from beholders a loud laugh of ridicule.

Begin ten times, begin a hundred times with all the aids of which I have spoken, and yet I defy you to end in any other thing than a celebrity of extravagance. Now, of all these powers so exceedingly powerless to execute such a work, not one came to the aid of the Founder of Christianity, nor to those whom he sent into the world. Was the power of the sword at the service of Jesus Christ in the establishment of his ideas? Was the power of wealth, of laws, of science, of the Word? And those whom he sent, were they potentates, were they rich, were they learned, were

they orators? But to delay longer on this would be foolish. It is evident that the propagators of Christianity had none of these advantages; and had they possessed them all they could not have succeeded, because between the cause and effect there remained as an invincible obstacle an infinite disproportion. Armed with the sword, with gold, with influence, with science, with the Word, they would not have succeeded; deprived of all these, how could they? Powerful according to the world, they would have stranded; feeble, what could they have done? And they were feeble, they were feebleness itself, and feebleness face to face with all powers. Yea, they were less than feebleness, they were according to the world, absolutely nothing, and this is why Christ chose them to destroy that which was—*ea quae non sunt elegit, ut ea quae sunt destrueret*. Never can be comprehended all the divinity there is demonstrated in this choice of feebleness in order to confound strength, and above all this calling of that which was nothing in order to cast down that which was every thing—*ea quae non sunt elegit*. The choice alone was a miracle, but the success is the wonderful multiplied by the wonderful.

And yet with this superabundance of evidence and accumulation of light there are men who declare that they see here no sign of Divinity. To hear them there was no Divinity needed in order to insure the triumph of Christ. His work appeared as the ripe fruit of centuries, and he had only to reach forth his hand and gather it. A profound sympathy every-where assured him of an easy triumph; the world leaned toward him in its aspirations, in its ideas, in its wants, and he came at the precise hour which corresponded to the ideas, aspirations, and wants of the world. A vague breath of renovation traversed the age cotemporary with his preaching, and something moved itself in the bosom of humanity, calling an *unknown one*, who was soon going to disengage himself from the cloud which veiled the future and obscured the present. The world was disgusted, weary, dying; in its exhaustion and its agonies it cried aloud for a liberator, and it felt ready to cast itself into the arms of the first reformer who would promise to save it. Christ presented himself at the decisive moment; he had the chance. All was ready for a radical reform to accomplish it, a man only was wanting; Jesus Christ was that man, and behold how, without being a God, he has succeeded!

These refrains of religious philosophies, and these would-be historic reviews have been

repeated so often that perhaps there may be some of you too much disposed to believe that such things are not without some foundation. Alas! we have too much lost on this point the true meaning of history. Not only did Christ not have for the success of his work the complicity of the age, but he has met every-where around him, in Judea and out of Judea, in the entire world, indeed, only a radical antagonism to the work he meditates.

Where, then, I pray you, is this sympathy which makes the world come naturally to Christ and opens the road to his designs? Where do you find here in the nature of things—that is to say, in the knowledge of the infant Christianity and of the world cotemporary with its cradle—the reason of this mutual attraction? And where in history have you met the witness of it? What! a mutual sympathy between the doctrine of the reformer and the world to be reformed—a mutual attraction? You must have forgotten that between the new doctrine which demanded the right of reigning and the ancient world which did not wish to perish there was a deadly opposition. What did the Reformer desire after all? He desired among other things these three: to rule intelligences by the law of belief, to rule hearts by the law of brotherly love, to rule actions by the law of self-mortification; these three words form an epitome of the whole, for these three laws constitute the fundamental legislation of Jesus Christ. This is the *resume* of the evangelical chart: to believe the Word in abdicating one's own; to love one's brothers in renouncing one's self; to mortify self in sacrificing its pleasures and inclinations. To which of these three did the humanity of that time reveal itself in sympathy? Was it to the law of belief? But to believe because a man had spoken was a thing unheard of; they did not believe the word of a master—each one believed his own, and was amenable only to himself. To what was humanity in sympathy? Was it with the proclamation of the law of love, the doctrine of fraternity? But this was the one great question, how to make this sublime thing comprehended and received by the heathen world. Fraternity ignored as a right was every-where outraged in practice; the idea even did not exist; the word *fraternitas* signified only relationship and unity of blood; beyond this it was used only in irony. Once again, with what did the humanity cotemporary with Christ reveal itself in sympathy? Perhaps it was with the law of mortification preached by his austere doctrine. No, this word in the language of the people had no

meaning or it merely signified to die physically. But this sublime and transcendent death, which is the foundation of evangelical morality, wholly escaped the then living generations, and there was no word to express it. In sympathy with the law of mortification! How, I pray you, could the pagan world have been so, since you yourself, after eighteen hundred years of Christianity, have such an apathy to this sovereign law of Christianity? It must be confessed that the idea of founding a new society upon belief, brotherly love, and self-mortification was unknown then, wholly unknown. To say this is not enough. Not only was there between Christ and the world the unknown, the uncomprehended, and consequently the unacceptable, but there was another thing, there was a positive, burning, and universal repulsion, there was an insuperable abyss. The pride of reason repelled the humility of faith, a monstrous egotism repelled the dogma of fraternity, and unnamed debaucheries the mortification of self. Then between the world and Christ there was another thing which would naturally conflict with his mission; this was war—war continual, war always; and, far from finding in his conquering march sympathies already to tender him the hand, he could expect only to meet hates ready to cross the sword upon his breast. Certainly three centuries of bloody persecution and more than a million of martyrs slain by atrocious punishments have told in unmistakable terms what this pretended sympathy of cotemporary humanity was. Why, if Christianity responded by all its doctrines and precepts to all the aspirations of mankind, why this war of extermination against Christianity? Why was the earth every-where steeped in the blood of our Christians? Why both these ragings of the nations and these conspiracies of the people? Why have the kings and princes of the earth leagued against the Lord and his Christ? Why, finally, if the entire world leaned toward Christ and his doctrine, why upon all sides the blood of his followers shed by the rage of the entire world?

THE following advice was given in a letter to John Wesley from his mother: "Take this rule: whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish for spiritual things, in short, whatever increases the strength of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

THE SERPENT IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY SOPHIA VAN MATRE.

A CERTAIN repulsiveness belongs forever to the race of serpents. There is enmity between us and them—enmity deep and lasting, and ever ready of manifestation. We wander some sunny day in such a place as gentle Edmund Spenser loved,

"Where joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper sweet,"

when suddenly amid this loveliness a loathly, creeping serpent emerges from the depths of some hollow tree to writhe away in the Summer sunshine. Or down in some deep, stony ravine, where overhanging trees keep out the day's full light, we come upon a little ribbed snake that leaves the warm blood curdling in our veins as it crawls away. The dull yet fascinated feeling of disgust lingers long after, while a hundred tales that thrilled us once in childhood renew their strange and horrible charm. We dream once more of great boa-constrictors crushing man and horse with one dread contraction, of cobra capellos winding stealthily around the victim's arm and waiting the instant to dart their fangs into the swollen vein, or of rattlesnakes shaking their calendar tails and threatening the bare feet of some heated haymaker. We remember the day when innocent Eve sat beneath the forbidden tree and listened to those hateful arguments which wrought her woe. Was this beguiling creature, in whom, although animated by the Prince of Art, there could still have been no repulsiveness, the serpent that we know? Shall we not rather adopt the theory of certain geologists, who consider that it was then not only the wisest but the noblest in form and carriage of all the brute tenants of the garden, and that the fall from its early beauty and majesty was no less than that of unhappy Eve herself? "Upon thy belly shalt thou go," was his curse, just as Adam's obligation to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow implied a previous exemption from such a necessity. How well has that triple and fearful curse been fulfilled! Enmity most deadly is between the race of man and the race of the serpent. The child, the maiden, and the woman shrink from it in terror; the man and the boy seek instruments of death to their degraded foe, and then cry, "*To triumph!*"

Art, however, has given to the serpent a certain position and dignity which our natural repugnance denies it in nature. The ancients

did not disdain to invest the countenances of their sculptured gods with the traits of those animals which most resembled them in character. Thus to the countenance of the Olympian Jove was added the arrangement of hair and expression of the lion, greatly enhancing the dignity and majesty of his aspect. Upon the face of a Triton were placed, in such a manner as to form the eyebrows, small fins, in order to signify its aquatic nature. So is the swift, gliding motion of the serpent not without a certain beauty, and it may without difficulty recall our fancies of the movements of the gods.

One who has critically discussed the subject of ancient art says: "Pherycides, one of the oldest Greek poets, seems to have intended to express this light and gliding movement in the snake form which he gave to the deities. The step of the Vatican Apollo floats, as it were, in the air; he touches not the earth with the sole of his foot."

The mythologists, who used fables and symbols to illustrate Divine truth by employing two of the less prominent qualities of the serpent, have made it the emblem of youth and of immortality; of youth, since, by casting its skin, it reappears clothed in all its early smoothness and freshness, and of immortality, since it retains life even after being divided, and what seems certain death is only adding another life. I have seen this emblem in a German Roman Catholic church, to which all the time-worn and time-honored customs of the mother country had been transported. The brown dress, and cape, and cord of the Franciscan monk, the bright, ill-tinted paintings, and rough engravings, and flaxen-haired madonnas made it seem like a church of those old, old cities on the Rhine. Beneath a wooden crucifix of the Savior nailed to the wall, with mimic blood streaming from imaginary veins, was a bracket upon which lay an empty skull with the skeleton serpent coiled around it, representing, no doubt, the emblems of mortality and of immortality. So have the old mythologic fables permeated all the distant rills of society, and a thousand years after their mystic glory has departed teach the sober-fancied Dutchman no less than they once taught the poetic Greek. In this character of emblem to youth and immortality the serpent was employed as an accessory symbol to almost every heathen deity. It is the constant attendant of Hygeia. There is an engraving of a fine statue of this goddess in which a large serpent falls from her left shoulder down the arm and drinks from a small vase which she

holds in the other hand. Æsculapius was worshipped either under the form of a serpent or else, like the goddess of health, caressing it or coiling its folds around him. Serpents are always found on the ægis of Minerva as they form the hair of Medusa. It may be that in this instance they symbolize that wisdom or caution which would afford surer protection than even the breast-plate itself. A statue of Minerva found at Ostia in 1797, a companion to the previous-mentioned one of Hygeia, has small snakes for the fringe of the ægis she wears. This excellent work of art is supposed to be a copy of that statue wrought by Phidias for the temple in the Acropolis. It is of the heroic size. The goddess stands leaning lightly upon the long spear in her left hand, while in her right she bears a small image. The helmet, ornamented with a gryphon between two sphinxes, is upon her head, and her aspect is earnest and serene. The Greeks employed the serpent as a sign of consecration when deifying the images of departed heroes. The Tartar bears a coiled snake into battle placed on the top of his standard, and Macha Allo, his god of life and death, is represented with serpents twining around him to express the first of these attributes, and a string of skulls hanging at his side to express the second.

But to make it the emblem of life, and youth, and immortality was not the only use to which mythology applied the serpent. It was assigned also its natural position as the symbol and accessory of all vile and horrible personification. Envy wore them hissing in her hair and circling her waist in place of a girdle.

"Mad Discord there her snaky tresses tore,"

says Virgil. The Furies are generally represented with snakes upon their heads and torches and whips of scorpions in their hands. "The Furies, in common with the other inferior goddesses, graces, houris, nymphs, etc., are represented as beautiful young virgins." "Virgins ever young," they are called by Sophocles, though why these dread sisters—*Diræ* the Greeks expressly named them—should ever have been imagined in other forms than those of such beings as Macbeth met on the wild heath,

"So withered and so wild in their attire
That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on 't,"

appears somewhat mysterious to us. But to the ancients the gods were ever young because immortal, and art refused to array them in any

other robe than that of grace and beauty. More than one inheritance from the past represents even Medusa as beautiful. There is a famous intaglio by Solon now in the Florentine Museum, an engraving of which may be seen in Winckleman's *History of Ancient Art*. The sculpture is small and very beautiful, as even the engraving will show, the small serpents twining in the tresses of her hair adding unexpectedly to its beauty. The fable concerning Medusa, one of the three Gorgon sisters, is, that she was the daughter of Phorcus, and that after his death she assumed the government and the command of the army. She attacked the army of Perseus, who had been sent to make war with her by Minerva, and was slain. He thought her so beautiful that he cut off her head to show to the Greeks, and afterward presented it to Minerva, who wore it upon her breastplate.

Poetry and sculpture have combined to render the fable of Laocoon immortal. The magnificent sculpture in the Vatican selects the fearful moment when Laocoon and his sons writhe within the coils of the ministers of Neptune's wrath. The marvelous anatomy of the bodies, the fearful grace and strength of those serpentine coils, the agony which every muscle bespeaks, makes this statue the wonder of the world. It is a living image of agony wrought from the dull and soulless stone. Not less grand than the sculpture is Virgil's description of that previous moment when the dread monsters of the deep advance over the smooth and calm sea. Greek and Trojan suspend each hostile demonstration to behold them. The spiral coils of their long bodies lash the soft waves into white foam behind them as they swim. Their heads rise above the water, their glaring eyes are spotted with fire and blood, their tongues lick their hissing mouths. What fearful fascination in this picture!

These are the dreams of an age long since gone by, an age of dreams, which we scruple not to scorn as fanciful and puerile. And yet perhaps the practical extreme to which we have gone is not better. We are eminently utilitarians, and live in an age of the world when events of the grandest character transpire with astonishing rapidity. We have penetrated so many secrets and discovered the practical cause of so many wonders that we forget there is still a region—a region of signs and wonders—into which we may not as yet enter. We forget that all things are now to us but emblems and symbols. The old Greeks and Egyptians fabled and dreamed too much, but

we too little. The meteor of a starry November night may shine a moment, and when the bright track is darkened we do not say with them of old, "the gods have spoken," "it is a sign," "some great event will happen;" but "it is an aerolite," "a meteoric stone," "what loss?" "who loses?" Not so the ancients, and especially the ancient Greeks. Had a meteor like that of 1860 shone in their sky, would they not have looked up and lifted up their heads and thought that the time of their redemption drew nigh? In these latter days, amid these stupendous and marching events, imagination has no season of rest for her quiet, contemplative dreams. Reality is too wonderful to need the aid of fancy for her embellishment. We draw no horoscopes from the angles of the stars, we have no image of our God upon which to exercise combining or creative art. Least of all, do we continue the study of symbols down to the low type of animal life belonging to the serpent. And yet this study of the use which mythology, and poetry, and art have continually made of it reveals a certain quality of mind which it were well to perceive more frequently in these latter days. See how these priests, and poets, and artists often in that early day combined in one person, pass by the prominent characteristics of the serpent—its glassy eye and slimy skin, its horrid head and poisonous fang—to make it the chosen emblem of lovely youth and infinite immortality. They twine it round the lovely and perfect form of Hygeia, or place the hand of Æsculapius caressingly upon its hooded head; they write the sacred epitaph upon its sculptured form; they wreath its coils on the standard of victory; they make it the companion of the glorious god of day, and place it as a foil or contrast around the dread emblem of mortality—the skeleton head. Say not that these are childish fancies, fables transmitted to us from that past time when the world was young.

But youth is pleasant, and there is something of its joyous and happy faculty in this strange elevation of the despised and hated serpent, something of that sublimation of spirit which aids the patriot in the dread hour of battle, looking away from the hideous and visible realities of war to see the angelic form of Liberty floating in the ambient air, forever young and forever immortal.

THE way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

WAIT.

BY AVANELLE L. HOLMES.

WAIT is a weary word.
How often we wait till all is gone,
Till the joys we wait to clasp are flown,
Till our hopes are dead in their beautiful bloom,
And we sit and sigh above their tomb!

Wait is a weary word.

Wait is a sorrowful word.
How often we wait till life is drear,
Bereft of the ties that make it dear,
Till the hands are cold that we wait to grasp,
Till the forms are laid low that we wait to clasp,
Till the lips are mute that we wait to kiss,
And this beautiful world is robbed of bliss!

Wait is a sorrowful word.

Wait is a lonely word.
How often we turn from the fireside warm
And gaze out into the night and storm,
Waiting in vain for coming feet,
Yearning in vain for a greeting sweet,
While the feet are at rest and the form is low
On the battle-sod beneath the snow!

Wait is a lonely word.

Wait is a pitiful word.
I have seen a child with tearful eye
Waiting in hope of the "by and by;"
I have seen it sob when it waited in vain,
And I've thought how often with anxious brain
We "children of larger growth" must wait
For the promised joys that come too late;

Wait is a pitiful word.

Wait is a fatal word.
There are hearts that have waited in vain, in vain
For a dear one's smile to return again,
Too proud to be humble and say forgive,
When that word alone could make them live;
Waiting to see the storm sweep past,
And the sun of affection return at last;

Wait is a fatal word.

Wait is a deathful word.
How many a soul has wrecked its peace,
And rashly lost a heaven of bliss,
By waiting a "more convenient" time
To seek reprieve for folly and crime,
By bidding the spirit, "Go thy way,
I will attend thee another day!"

Wait is a deathful word.

Wait! O, the fearful word!
The reef where a thousand hopes are wrecked,
Where a thousand bright careers are checked,
Where hearts and lives are robbed of bliss,
Where joy is turned into wretchedness,
Where a thousand lives that might be grand
Lie wrecked and useless upon the strand;
Father in heaven, may I never wait
Till the work of my life is begun too late!

Wait! 't is a fearful word!

INCONSTANCY.

BY REV. JAMES STEPHENSON.

I LAY in the shade of an elm one day
And watched the young south winds as they
Court and kissed a rose of May
Which grew at my side,
Fairer than any human bride.

So soft and sweet was their tone of love
It seemed like music from above,
Or the voice of a distant dove
In some solitude
Cooing over her infant brood.

The face of the rose took a deeper hue
As the young winds, whispering, nearer drew,
With vows and a pledge untrue:
"Witness, thou sun,
That we, the rose and the winds, are one."

I lay in the shade of the elm again
Ere the moon of the month began to wane,
But I looked for the rose in vain—
Neglected and dead
Were its petals pale in their bridal bed.

And the winds as they hoarsely hurried by
Had not for the lost a single sigh;
How much like cruel man, thought I—
Love's sweetest breath
He changes oft to the blast of death.

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY MISS HANNAH A. FOSTER.

WHEN the evening shades are creeping
Silently o'er vale and hill,
And the stars above are keeping
Tireless watch o'er earth so still,
Spirits from the bending willow,
Swayed by zephyrs to and fro,
Nightly seek my lonely pillow
With their whispers soft and low,
Breathing strains of long ago.

Strange, sweet music, sometimes bringing
From my heart an answering sigh,
Sometimes gently, sweetly singing
Childhood's early lullaby.
Joyous, then, I seek a token
Of the being whom they sing,
But the charm is rudely broken,
And no loving form they bring,
But depart on viewless wing.

Even now those spirit voices
Fall upon my list'ning ear,
And my saddened heart rejoices
As their welcome strains I hear;
And I catch from one long-cherished
Tones of love that well I know,
Till I quite forget she perished,
And with tears was buried low
'Neath the willow long ago.

MARGARET CRAITH.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

SHE came out of the farm-house and stood by the gate looking off at the mountains; and there was something in the swift movement of one hand as it clutched the top rail and in the gesture with which the other pushed away the hair from her forehead, which to a keen observer would have indicated both character and individuality.

Such an evening one would not be likely to see more than once or twice in a lifetime, and an artist, poet, tourist of any sort would have gone hundreds of miles for the view which in that hour unrolled itself to the gaze of this woman. To the north and the south of her, to the east and the west, rose the mountains, stern, solemn, awful, closing the valley all around, and seeming to-night to wall it in from the great world outside in an eternal calm and isolation.

The night was early in September, and the day had been unusually warm, and even now the air had a soft moistness in it, and the winds which raced and rioted among the leaves had a pleasant sound like the dash of waves on the beach. The low yet strong, joyous note in them was sweeter than music to one who had ears to hear and interpret its inner meaning, as it wandered and trailed, as it leaped and laughed up and down the mountains, where no man's foot had ever trod.

Overhead the stars shone between the clouds, which spread out their gray and silver fleeces along the blue; and while this woman gazed a soft crystal light began to pervade the sky and touch with its mystery of glory the crest of pines on the top of the mountain. Just over it rested a black cloud with a white radiance growing slowly along the outer edges, bringing out in sharper contrast that black gulf at the center. And so the light grew, and grew as one might fancy it would in a vision, spreading down the mountain till it reached the hem of its garment; and the woman stood there by the gate watching behind and below in the darkness for the glory that was to be revealed, as those who love God watch and wait in the darkness and griefs of this world for the joy, rest, and glory that are to come.

And at last over the mountains came the moon with a slow, royal, serene movement, while the clouds, flooded with a silver glory, wrapped themselves in white banners around her, and trailed their pennons all along the mountains and caught their drooping folds in

among the trees. And slowly and royally the moon swept on, and the clouds closed their white-plumed forces about her path, while she looked down on the awful mountains and on the valley that lay asleep at their feet, and on the woman more and greater than all these who stood watching at the gate with her face upturned, and a solemn hush and reverence pervading it as though God had spoken to her. And had she felt beyond the visible glory the greater invisible glory of the Father's smile? This vision of his power and beauty was a witness to her of his eternal care and love. How her hungry, sick, thirsty heart lingered and drank, and feasted on the blessed springs there are in that last word!

This day had been a dark one to her, for sometimes—happy are you, O reader, if it be not the case with you also—this woman's heart and faith failed her. The clouds wrapped her soul in their thick darkness. Awful doubts bore in upon it—doubts of God, of eternity, of life and death that sent down their fear and chill to the very roots of her being.

She wondered then if he really thought of or cared for her, and sometimes, with a cold shudder almost, if he really lived at all, for how then could he sit up there in his eternal strength and calm and know how the slow, dreary days went over her one by one, each seeming heavier and harder than the other, and all of this her prayer had been, "Help, God, for the waters are come into my soul." For the woman, gazing up there at the moon, had had terrible griefs; the plowshares had cut down into all the pleasant places of her life and left them barren and desolate. She thought God had dealt with her in some strange, exceptional way—you know we are all apt to in our troubles—and there were many times when the burden of her life seemed so heavy to carry that she wished she could lay it down in the grave.

But now these doubts and fears, this fainting of body and spirit seemed to vanish away in this visible glory and revelation of God. He was there, beyond it all, greater than all, with his heart of eternal, brooding tenderness. The long rustle of the winds, the eternal mountains, the moon and the stars all declared him; her Father in heaven brought to her soul his message to be of good cheer, for he lived and reigned, and all the long, sad mystery of her life should yet be made plain, should be absorbed in light and peace absolute, eternal.

Tears filled and refilled this woman's eyes; the soft winds fluttered in her hair; the mouth, which had settled into some pain and repres-

sion, softened all its anthems, and a tender sweetness, much like a child's, gathered around it. As the moonlight fell full upon the face it showed its clear, fine outlines, a little too thin, and whatever bloom it had was gone now, and with it its first youth, too, but a face that down into old age would carry something singularly interesting and attractive.

I think Margaret Craith was wise when trouble fell upon her to go to the mountains for help. In happier years she had a brief, fashionable sojourn among them, fluttering about with a butterfly party of friends from one picturesque point to another, and yet she must have penetrated deeper into the character and sentiment of the mountains than her companions, for one day, standing on the veranda of the Profile House and watching the gray festoons of mist as they fluttered like wreaths of smoke from tree to tree, she turned to one of her friends and said, with a sudden seriousness on that bright face of hers, "I think if I was ever in any great grief or trouble which no human love could reach I should come up to these everlasting hills for help and comfort."

And years afterward, when the storm rose and thundered over her life, she had remembered this, and came up here to the quiet New Hampshire valley and the old farm-house, around which stood in eternal watch the everlasting hills of God.

And as Margaret Craith stood there in the white moonlight that folded the earth in its solemn radiance she heard up one of the roads which wound out like a brown serpent from the sides of the mountain the rumble of carriage wheels, growing louder through the plash of the night winds among the leaves, and in a few moments a wagon came in sight, a rough, heavy, lumbering vehicle, in which were two occupants, brought out strongly in the white moonlight.

One was a large, slouching, round-shouldered man, the other a little girl, whose small, thin figure gave a general impression of half a score of years. She sat there on the same seat, but as far as possible from the slouching man, and there was something piteous in the attitude of the little tired, lonely figure which indicated to one of swift instincts that she found no sense of shelter or protection in the stalwart form by her side, and that while, perhaps, wholly unconscious of it herself, some inward repugnance and fear had found expression in the distance which she kept between them—a forlorn-looking little thing at best, with her faded sunbonnet fallen half off her head.

Some shadow in the road startled the horse, and he sprang on one side, eliciting an oath and a sharp cut from the whip of the driver, and the little girl, startled from her drowsiness, lifted her head with a swift movement which sent her sunbonnet into the road.

"O, I've lost my bonnet!" she cried out in the quick, frightened way of a child.

"Get out, then, and pick it up, you," exclaimed the man, giving the girl a violent jerk, which came very near pitching her head-foremost from the wagon, and accompanying the movement with an oath.

You could see the girl shrink and shiver in every limb as she groped her way down and picked up the bonnet from beneath the wheel where it had fallen.

"That'll teach you to look out next time and take better care of your traps," cutting the child across the shoulders with his whip. Brutal as the act was, the blow was not a very heavy one, but the child's fright was sharper than the pain, and her outcry had a pitiful terror in it like that of some wounded animal, and there followed a little low, broken, half-stifled sob, more pitiful than the cry.

Margaret Craith heard and saw all standing beside the gate in the moonlight. Naturally of a quick, impetuous temperament, her own grief had not warped the generous sympathies of her nature. Any wrong done to the weak and helpless had from a child roused all the hot indignation of her nature. The fire blazed in her eyes as she beheld this outrage; the blood flamed into the white cheeks. She opened the gate and stepped out swiftly and lightly into the road, and in a moment she stood by the wagon, her fair face in its heat of generous wrath seeming almost like one risen from the dead to the solitary occupant of the wagon, as the low, strong voice, with a tremor of anger all through it, addressed him.

"Sir, I wish I was a man, to horsewhip you as you deserve."

He was a coward; men of his type usually are. She saw the hard, heavy face color under her fiery gaze.

"I haint hurt the child; al'ays makes a fuss about a feather's weight," he stammered, half apologetically.

"Do n't tell me that," said Margaret, with a little swift movement of her head that had something of the roused queen, for her dignity was of that sort which belongs to quality of soul. "I heard what you said, and I saw the kick and the blow, and I want to say to your face that the man who will swear at, and kick, and beat a helpless little child, as I have

just seen you do this one, is a coward, a brute, and a fiend."

Her voice was well poised as she hurled one after another the words in his face; and it required some courage to do it out there in that still country road, for she was a small woman at the best, and the man held the whip still in his hand, and he had an immense advantage of physical force on his side.

A dark-red glow spread itself all over his coarse features, partly rage, partly shame.

"If you was a man," fingering the whip-handle nervously, "I can tell you you would n't get off quite so easy with such talk as that."

"I presume not. A man who could degrade himself to injuring a little child like this would be likely to wreak his vengeance wherever it would be safe. The only wonder is that you let my sex protect me, only," and her eyes shot forth fire. "I do n't think it would be safe in many ways to strike me more than once."

Whether it would or not it was evident the man had no intention of attempting it. It might be, however, that Margaret owed impunity for her boldness to the vicinity of the farm-house, which the man's restless glances darting from beneath the heavy gray eyebrows must have detected.

"Come, Jessie," he said, attempting to carry off the matter with cool hardiness, "we've staid here parleying long enough. Jump in now."

But his tone was greatly mollified from the savage one in which he had first addressed her. Margaret took hold of the little girl's hand.

"I will help you in, my child, and I hope your father is man enough to feel ashamed of his conduct to-night, and never treat you in this way again."

"He is n't my father," cried the child, sobbing and clinging to Margaret. "My father is dead."

Margaret Craith drew the child back. I think she was glad at that moment to find this man had no claim on nor title to the girl.

"No father? poor child! poor child!"

There was one caress in her voice, another in her hand as it unconsciously stroked the small head, for Margaret Craith was thinking here must be something as lonely and desolate as herself.

"Jump in, jump in, I tell you."

The harsh, peremptory tones seemed to exercise some terrible power over the child. She sprang up as a dog to the voice of his master; one foot was on the wheel and the other had mounted the seat, when suddenly she turned

around with a swift impulse and reached out her hands with a bursting sob toward Margaret Craith.

"O, I can not go with him, I can not go with him!" she said in such a piteous way that it seemed it must have wrung tears from any thing less than stone. "Take me away from him," and she reached out her arms imploringly toward Margaret Craith.

"My child, my poor little child, my heart aches for you; but what can I do? I have no power to help you," said the lady through her thick tears.

The man sprang down and seized the child's arm roughly.

"Get in there in quick time or you'll be sorry for this. I did n't think the young 'un would dare to turn rebel right in my face."

But the spirit of the child, long cowed down by fear and tyranny, at last asserted itself.

"You are a bad, cruel, wicked man, farmer Hays," she said, the small, thin, sunbrowned face flashing its first defiance up to his, "you know you are. You know you've abused, and scolded, and whipped me, you, and your wife, and Eben, too, and some day you will have to answer for it when you stand face to face with my poor, dead mother."

Surprise held the man silent for a moment. He had not believed that that small thing at his feet would ever have the spirit to turn and reproach him for his cruelty. And under all his cowardice and tyranny he was superstitious. He winced—Margaret saw it—under her last words, and he only said, with his face a shade whiter, "What's got into you, Jessie?"

But the child had expended her small force, and was sobbing again.

"Get in there, Jessie."

He touched her arm, neither hand nor voice quite so rough as before, for the face of that dead woman seemed looking at him beyond the stars—the face of that dead woman with a still, awful reproach in it. But the child burst away again and threw herself upon Margaret Craith in a wild passion of sobs.

"O, I can not go with you! Take me, lady, away from him, take me away."

"My child," said Margaret Craith, through her tears again, "what can I do with you?"

"Let me go with you; let me live with you, and I will work for you day and night, and I know you will be kind to me, and may be you will love me a little too, only take me away from him!"

The piteous, pleading voice, the uplifted hands, the sobs breaking among all the words, and the small face in the moonlight drowned

in tears—do you see it all as Margaret Craith did?

But before she could answer farmer Hays did, with his heavy hand on the child's shoulder.

"Jessie, I can't stand this any longer. Jump into that wagon without another word or I'll drive on without you, and there'll be an end on't, and do n't you ever dare to show your little whinin' face at my door again; if you do—"

Another oath, his passion getting the better of him again. But the child clung sobbing to Margaret's garments.

"Take me away from him, O, do take me away from him!"

And Margaret Craith, hardly knowing what she did in the strong life and pity of the moment, said, "Leave the child with me."

Farmer Hays had evidently not expected this. He seized the girl in a grasp so rough that she shrieked with the pain, trying to wrench herself away.

"You do n't get rid of me quite so easy as that, I'll show you," and he was about to hurl the child into the wagon when Margaret Craith sprang before him, her face white almost as dying faces are, but a deadly resolve flashing in her dark eyes.

"Leave the child with me," she said. "If you lay your hand on her I shall scream for help, and there are men in the cottage yonder who will spring to my call, and I have seen to-night what will bring you into trouble before any judge or jury in the land."

The man's face glared on her a moment, but there was a baffled look in it. She saw that he panted to strike her to the earth, but his mean soul failed him, not because she was a woman, not because of the dastardly deed, but because he was afraid—the mere base, dastardly fear of the coward. His hand dropped, he saw the lights shine in the window of the cottage, he felt the force of the woman's argument.

"I wash my hands of you from this hour, you miserable little brat. But do n't you ever let me see your face again," said farmer Hays, and he sprang into the wagon and drove away, and Margaret was left alone in the white moonlight with the stars overhead watching in eternal patience, and the awful mountains, and the winds plashing among the leaves, and the little child by her side with the small hand closed tightly in hers, as though both had been sculptured out of one block of marble.

"What had she done?"

Margaret's thoughts asked this question. But her lips asked another when that little wistful face looked up to her, all broken up with smiles and tears, with relief, joy, gratitude.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Jessie Burns."

"And you have no body in the world to go to, to take care of you?"

"No body but you. O, you will let me stay, you will take care of me!"

She had a tender, pitiful soul, Margaret Craith. She could not resist that cry. One moment she stood still with her hand shading her eyes and the child's gaze on her face as though she waited for life or death. Her income was small, hardly more than sufficient to meet her own wants, which had a very narrow range now. But could she leave this child, this little lonely, desolate, helpless orphan, clinging to her of all the world, whom Providence seemed to have brought to her this night? She looked up at the stars and the quiet moonlight resting on the mountain slopes, and then down to the face of the child.

"Yes, I will take care of you," said Margaret Craith, and she said it "as unto God."

Then she and the child went into the farmhouse together, and the moon, and the stars, and the mountains were alone with each other.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DIFFERENT KINDS OF POPULARITY.

THE only popularity worth aspiring after is a peaceful popularity—the popularity of the heart—the popularity that is won in the bosom of families and at the side of deathbeds. There is another, a high and a far-sounding popularity, which is indeed a most worthless article, felt by all who have it most to be greatly more oppressive than gratifying—a popularity of stare, and pressure, and animal heat, and a whole tribe of other annoyances which it brings around the person of its unfortunate victim—a popularity which rifles home of its sweets, and, by elevating a man above his fellows, places him in a region of desolation, where the intimacies of human fellowship are unfelt, and where he stands a conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice, and envy, and detraction—a popularity which, with its head among storms, and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannas of a driveling generation.—*Chalmers*.

LOBNETTE GLIMPSES AT THE GENIUS OF ITALY.

BY ELIZABETH S. MARTIN.

IN the year 1554, while yet Tasso was an infant, in the arms of his beautiful mother, Porzia de Rossi, we find connected with the ducal circle at Ferrara a brilliant group of amiable and learned persons, who were attracted thither by the noble hospitality of R    , herself a Protestant—daughter of Louis XII, King of France, and wife of Hercules, Duke of Ferrara.

She has the reputation of having been rather plain in personal appearance, although one of her partial biographers says "she had an agreeable expression, fine eyes, beautiful teeth, and an air of youthful bloom, inexpressibly pleasing—true, witty, and virtuous," are the terms used by her admirer to express his appreciation of her character, while Tasso informs us that she possessed the highest qualities of intellect and heart, being at once accomplished and generous.

That she was well versed in mathematics and astronomy, and conversed with ease on the profoundest topics of philosophy and divinity, is matter of history. No wonder is it, then, that this queen-like woman, with her noble daughters, Anne of Este, the most beautiful princess of the age, and Eleanora, the favorite of Tasso, should have proved a nucleus around which were gathered the most erudite—the most devout and lovely of many kingdoms.

The noble R    , however, was sorely tried in her own domestic relations. Her husband, a bigoted Catholic, was urged by the Papal Court to restrain the free expression of his wife's opinions, and succeeded to some extent in reaching this result, yet they could not prevent ample protection being given to numerous Protestants, who found their way to Ferrara. Among others was no less a person than Calvin himself, who spent some time at Court under the assumed name of George Hepeville—there was also about the same time Clement Marot, a French poet—a man of elevated character, of pure piety, and the first to translate the Psalms of David into the French language.

The University of Ferrara during this period enjoyed the highest distinction. It was founded by the Emperor Frederick II, and for centuries after its foundation was thronged with students, from various parts of Italy, Germany, and even from England.

Connected with it were a legion of distinguished men. Fulvio Morata reigned as chief. So did Aonio Paleario, who was afterward an

Italian martyr; and yet while Protestant influence was so dominant with Caleagori, Canon of the Cathedral, a decided liberal, and Pier Mangoli, Court physician, a poet and man of science, open in his protesting opinions, Farmio, said to be the first Protestant martyr, was wasting and dying in prison at Ferrara—strange inconsistencies in the human heart and human government!

The University of Bologna was especially famous for its schools of law and medicine, and a large volume might be dedicated to its former attendance of eight to ten thousand students—its learned professors, and its magnificent collections in natural history and the arts. Its school of painting was also famous, and bears on its escutcheon the names of Caracci, Ludovico, and Agostino; Domenichino, their pupil, whose "Martyrdom of St. Jerome," and "Annunciation of the Virgin Mary," are among the most striking and beautiful paintings in Italy; and Guido, whose "St. John" is world-renowned.

But the University of Bologna has acquired a yet further distinction from the large number of its

FEMALE PROFESSORS.

In the fourteenth century Novella d'Andrea, daughter of the celebrated canonist, frequently occupied her father's chair. Her beauty is said to have been so great that a curtain was drawn before her, in order to prevent the inevitable distraction of the students' minds!

"Drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
Should let their young eyes wander o'er her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence."

Laura Bassi, in more recent times, was professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. She had conferred upon her the doctorate of laws, and her lectures were regularly attended by many learned ladies of France and Germany.

Madonna Manzolina is a still more singular instance, she being professor of anatomy, and highly celebrated for her attainments in surgery!

Still more recently, the Greek chair was filled by the learned Matilda Tambroni, who preceded the extraordinary Mezzofanti, late a cardinal and one of the greatest linguists in the world.

But "time would fail to tell" of Italia's distinguished women—of the infamous but beautiful d'Aragona, favorite of Cardinal Hippolito de Medici; of Morosina, the mistress of the worldly Bembo, whom he did not desert even when a cardinal; Imperia Romana, who re-

ceived the homage of Sadaletto; and at an infinite remove from all these, in the superiority of their virtue and piety, the beautiful and high-souled Vittoria Colonna, and the no less accomplished and amiable Olympia Morata. She was the favorite of Queen Rènèe, and the companion of her daughters. Olympia was not only beautiful in person and engaging in manners, but possessed of uncommon genius. At an early age she read the Greek language fluently, and composed graceful poems in that classic tongue. She was also well-versed in philosophy and theology, wrote a learned defense of Cicero, emulating the beauty of his style, declaimed in Latin, and wrote magnificent odes in the language of Sappho and Homer.

Her correspondents were the most learned men of the age, who express the highest admiration of her talents and virtues. At the age of sixteen she had attained such celebrity that she was requested to assume the professional habit, and actually delivered lectures in the academy of Ferrara. The year in which she became professor was that before the death of her father, when she had just completed her sixteenth year. Among other things Olympia wrote an ode in Sapphic Greek of great force and beauty, in which she celebrated the praises of the Almighty, when she was scarcely sixteen. While this youthful genius astonished the learned by her marvelous attainments, she was distinguished also by a rare modesty. No praise could detract from the beauty and simplicity of her character. In person she was exceedingly attractive, and in manners bland and engaging. Her letters are models of beautiful composition, genuine modesty, and profound piety. She was the favorite of all, and may be considered one of the wonders of the age in which she lived.

Somehow her enemies succeeded in estranging from Olympia the affection of Rènèe; her father, too, died, and she was left alone in the midst of a cold and selfish world. At this juncture a young German physician, of high character and accomplished manners, who had visited Ferrara in the prosecution of his studies, offered Olympia his hand, which she accepted, and after infinite regrets and passionate tears, permitted herself to be torn from her native land. Various trials and wanderings succeeded before she found a home, on the banks of the Neckar, in the old and beautiful city of Heidelberg. But her misfortunes and exposures had undermined her health, and she died in her twenty-ninth year, wept by her friends and mourned by the whole literary world. Her

entire life was a comment on the dignity and purity of Christian character. She was serene, gentle, self-possessed, happy. Her death was calm and unruffled as a Summer's eve. "Nor weary, worn-out winds expire more soft." The closing scene of her life, as depicted by her husband, is peculiarly affecting:

"A short time before the pulse had ceased to beat, on awaking from a tranquil sleep, I observed her smiling very sweetly, and I went near and asked her whence that heavenly smile proceeded? 'I beheld,' said she, 'just now, while lying quiet, a place filled with the clearest and brightest light.'

"Weakness prevented her from saying more. 'Come,' said I, 'be of good cheer, my dearest life; you are about to dwell in that beautiful light.'

"She again smiled, and nodded to me, and in a little while said, 'I am all gladness,' nor did she speak again, till her eyes becoming dim she said, 'I can scarcely know you, but all places appear to me filled with the fairest flowers.' Not long after," her husband adds, "as if fallen into a sweet slumber, she expired." She died at Heidelberg, October 25, 1556.

In like manner has faded much that is spirituelle and grand from Italia's soil. Bologna, Padua, Pisa, and Ferrara have seen many painful changes. They have done and suffered much in the cause of liberty, and their noble universities have dwindled into comparative insignificance. Rome, Florence, and Venice have also seen dark and stormy changes. Yet we can discern in them a vitality which will some time cast off the wrappings of superstition and emerge as from a tomb, glowing with immortal youth and vigor. "So long as Christianity, in its great principles, whether contained in books or institutions, remains in a country, however covered up with the rubbish of bigotry and vice, there is hope for that country."

Lying like the chrysalis in the dust is an organic life, which, quickened by the sun of liberty, shall yet burst its cerements and go forth in celestial beauty to bless the world!

Till this period dawns upon us we can still revel in its chaste and polished literature, or in its political or æsthetical history, as the passing centuries have sped on. We can behold its unfolding of landscape, and works of art, in all their unutterable loveliness and glory; we can indulge our day-dreams of this almost fabulous land of beauty.

In these years of stern actuality it is pleasant to take refuge in any craft, be it swift-winged pinnace or airy gondola, whereby we

can glide gently backward through the shadowy past, and onward to a strangely-beautiful present; to forget the din and sacrifice of war, the national debt and domestic sorrow, in a land where shimmers an atmosphere of lustrous gold, over fallen turret and ruined tower, and where one may repose under the shade of the vine, the pomegranate, and orange-tree!

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

"OUT again to-night?" said Mrs. Hayes, fretfully, as her husband rose from the tea-table and donned his great-coat.

"Yes, I have an engagement with Moore; I shall be in early; have a light in the library. Good-night." And with a careless nod William Hayes left the room.

"Always the way," murmured Lizzie Hayes, sinking back upon a sofa. "Out every night. I do n't believe he cares one bit about me, now, and yet we've been married only two years. No man can have a more orderly house, I am sure, and I never go any where; I am not a bit extravagant, and yet I do n't believe he loves me any more. O, dear! why is it? I was n't rich; he did n't marry me for my money, and he must have loved me then—why *does* he treat me with so much neglect?" And with her mind filled with such frightful queries, Lizzie Hayes fell asleep on the sofa.

Let me paint her picture as she lay there. She was a blonde, with a small, graceful figure, and a very pretty face. The hair, which showed by its rich waves its natural tendency to curl, was brushed smoothly back and gathered into a rich knot at the back—it was such a bother to curl it, she said; her cheek was pale, and the whole face wore a discontented expression. Her dress was a neat chintz wrapper, but she wore neither collar nor sleeves. "What's the use of dressing up just for William?"

Lizzie slept soundly for two hours, and then awoke suddenly. She sat up, glanced at the clock, and sighed drearily at the prospect of the long interval still to be spent before bedtime.

The library was just over the room in which she sat, and down the furnace flue, through the register, a voice came to the young wife's ears; it was her husband's.

"Well, Moore, what's a man to do? I was disappointed, and I must have pleasure somewhere. Who would have fancied that Lizzie Jarvis, so pretty, sprightly, and loving, could change to the fretful dowdy she is now? Who wants to stay at home to hear his wife whining

all the evening about her troublesome servants, and her headache, and all sorts of bother? She's got the knack of that drawling whine so pat, 'pon my life I do n't believe she *can* speak pleasantly."

Lizzie sat as if stunned. Was this true? She looked in the glass. If not exactly dowdy, her costume was certainly not suitable for an evening, with only William to admire. She rose and softly went to her room with bitter, sorrowful thoughts, and a firm resolution to win back her husband's heart, and then, his love regained, to keep it.

The next morning William came into the breakfast room with his usual careless manner, but a bright smile came on his lips as he saw Lizzie. A pretty chintz with neat collar and sleeves of snow muslin, with a wealth of soft, full curls, had really metamorphosed her; while the blush her husband's admiring glance called up to her cheek did not detract from her beauty. At first William thought there must be a guest, but glancing around he found they were alone.

"Come, William, your coffee will be soon cold," said Lizzie, in a cheerful, pleasant voice.

"It must cool till you sweeten my breakfast with a kiss," said her husband, crossing the room to her side, and Lizzie's heart bounded as she recognized the old lover's tone and manners.

Not one fretful speech, not one complaint fell upon William's ear through the meal. The newspaper, the usual solace at that hour, lay untouched, as Lizzie chatted gayly on every pleasant subject she could think of, warming by his grateful interest and cordial manner.

"You will be at home to dinner," she said, as he went out.

"Can't to-day, Lizzie; I've business out of town, but I'll be home early to tea. Have something substantial, for I do n't expect to dine. Good-by;" and the smiling look, warm kiss, and lively whistle were a marked contrast to his lounging, careless gait the previous evening.

"I am in the right path," said Lizzie in a low whisper. "O, what a fool I have been for two years! 'A fretful dowdy!' William, you shall never say that again."

Lizzie loved her husband with real wifely devotion, and her lips would quiver as she thought of his confidence to his friend Moore; but like a brave little woman, she stifled back the bitter feelings, and tripped off to perfect her plans. The grand piano, silent for months, was opened, and the linen covers taken from the furniture, Lizzie thinking, "He sha' n't find

any parlors more pleasant than his own, I'm determined."

Tea time came, and William came with it. A little figure, in a tasty, bright silk dress, smooth curls, and O! such a lovely blush and smile, stood ready to welcome William as he came in; and tea time passed as the morning meal had done. After tea there was no movement, as usual, toward the hat-rack. William stood up beside the table, lingering and chatting, till Lizzie also rose. She led him to the light, warm parlors, in their pretty glow of tasteful arrangement, and drew him down on the sofa beside her. He felt as if he was courting over again, as he watched her fingers busy with some fancy needle-work, and listened to the cheerful voice he had loved so dearly two years before.

"What are you making, Lizzie?"

"A pair of slippers. Do n't you remember how much you admired the pair I worked for you—O, ever so long ago?"

"I remember—black velvet, with flowers on them. I used to put my feet on the fenders, and dream of blue eyes and bright curls, and wished time would move faster, to the day when I could bring my bonnie wee wife home to make music in my house."

Lizzie's face saddened for a moment, as she thought of the last two years, and how little music she had made for his loving heart, gradually weaning it from its allegiance, and then she said:

"I wonder if you love music as much as you did then?"

"Of course I do. I often drop in at Mrs. Smith's for nothing else than to hear the music."

"I can play and sing better than Mrs. Smith," said Lizzie, pouting.

"But you always say you are out of practice when I ask you."

"I had the piano tuned this morning. Now open it, and we will see how it sounds."

William obeyed joyfully, and tossing aside her sewing, Lizzie took the piano stool. She had a very sweet voice, not powerful, but most musical, and was a very fair performer on the piano.

"Ballads, Lizzie?"

"O, yes, I know you dislike opera music in a parlor."

One song after another, with a nocturne, or lively instrumental piece, occasionally, between them, filled up another hour pleasantly.

The little mantle clock struck eleven!

"Eleven! I thought it was about nine. I ought to apologize, Lizzie, as I used to do, for

staying so long; and I can truly say, as I did then, that the time has passed so pleasantly I can scarcely believe it so late."

The piano was closed, Lizzie's work put in the basket, and William was ready to go up stairs; but, glancing back, he saw his little wife near the fireplace, her hands clasped, her head bent, and large tears falling from her eyes. He was beside her in an instant.

"Lizzie, darling, are you ill? What is the matter?"

"O, William, I have been such a bad wife! I heard you tell Mr. Moore last evening how I had disappointed you; but I will try to make your home pleasant. Indeed I will, if you will forgive and love me."

"Love you? O, Lizzie, you can guess how dearly I love you!"

As the little wife lay down that night she thought,

"I have won him back again! Better than that, I have learned the way to keep him!"

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

I SAW a man of God-like form
Bend like a slender reed
Before a sudden Summer storm
A girl would scarcely heed.
I saw a frail and tender child
Perform a hero's part,
And face a wolf with hunger wild,
And strike him to the heart.

What is this mystic force? I cried,
The secret of this power?
What makes this youth, so free from pride,
The monarch of the hour?
The answer came in trumpet tone,
"Mysterious are His ways;
In weakness is His glory shown,
And babes proclaim His praise.

When to the first disciples' hearts
The Holy Spirit came,
It thrilled them to the lowest parts,
Through heart, and soul, and frame.
They who were wont with craven souls
In secret nooks to hide,
Hark, from their lips what thunder rolls
For Jesus crucified!

Thus is it yet, ay, even now,
That souls are sanctified;
The tender air, the lighted brow,
No humble garb can hide.
God's Spirit makes the weakest strong,
The coward true and brave,
And bears his chosen ones along,
Triumphant o'er the grave."

A CHAPTER ON PATIENCE.

BY HON. G. F. DISOWAY.

SOCRATES.

THE man who possesses this virtue of *patience* has reached a lofty eminence, and sees human things below him in their true light. Standing thus elevated and secure upon the basis of conscious virtue, the tempests of life may reach him, but the severest storms can seldom shake and never overthrow him. The virtuous, well-disposed, and pious are like good metals—the more tried in the fire, the more they are refined; the more persecuted or opposed, the more they become approved; wrongs will well try and touch them, but they can not imprint any false stamp upon them, they remain the same pure, unadulterated gold and silver. Socrates was a bright example of this virtue. He was born 470 years before Christ and died about 400. We esteem him unquestionably the greatest character in heathen antiquity. He is said to have been the first who brought philosophy from heaven to earth, or reduced it from vain speculations and wild theories to be employed in the service of mankind and of God. Other heathen philosophers taught their disciples what they called science and wisdom, while he endeavored to instruct his in good morals and piety, and so make them better men. According to Plato he was the model of a truly-righteous man, loving virtue for itself alone.

There was nothing in the countenance of Socrates indicating this excellence of character. Some of his disciples having introduced to him a celebrated fortune-teller and physiognomist, he pronounced Socrates to be a dissipated, ill-tempered man, when the philosopher replied, "Such as he describes me I was born, but since that time, by philosophy, I have been born again, and my *second birth* has prevailed over my first." Remarkable expression! Well might the celebrated Justin Martyr say that Socrates was inspired by the Divine *Logos*, the Son of God. It seems to me that this passage must refer to Him who was "*the desire of all nations*," and of whose appearing they all had a general and confused expectation, and derived, doubtless, from the early promises of Divine mercy made to the patriarchs.

Socrates died conversing on the immortality of the soul. He had no assurance as a heathen of this great truth, still he appears to have departed in the full assurance of its precious and comforting hopes. "A soul," he says, "which can not die meets all the moral and

intellectual improvements we can possibly give it. A spirit formed to live forever should be making continual advances in virtue and wisdom. To a well-cultivated mind the body is no more than a temporary prison. At death such a soul is conducted by its invisible guardian to the heights of empyrean felicity, where it becomes a fellow-commoner with the wise and good of all ages." Happy in our day of Gospel light if thousands around us had as correct impressions of their future and never-ending destiny as this wise searcher after truth in the heathen world. But we are wandering from our theme of patience, of which virtue Socrates furnishes so bright an example. Such was his tranquillity of soul that no accident, loss, injury, or ill-treatment could ever change. He desired his friends whenever they saw him about to fall into a passion to apprise him of the error, and at the first signal he either softened his voice or remained silent. Finding himself in great passion against a slave, "I could beat you," he exclaimed, "*if I were not angry.*"

But Socrates did not go far from home to find enough for the exercise of his patience. His wife, Xantippe, put this virtue of the philosopher to the severest tests by her passionate, captious, and violent temper. In these bad traits, it is said, she exceeded all others of her sex. There was no kind of abuse which he had not to experience from her conduct. Once, so transported with rage, she tore off his cloak in the open street, when his friends told him such treatment was insufferable, and that he ought to give her a severe drubbing. "Yes," he replied, "a fine piece of sport indeed; while she and I were buffeting one another, you in your turn, I suppose, would animate us on to the combat. While one cried out, 'Well done, Socrates,' another would say, 'Well hit, Xantippe.'" Alcibiades, talking with him one day about his wife, told him he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him, and he replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it that it now offends me no more than the noise of the carriages in the streets." When he was told that the Athenians had condemned him to death he replied, with the least emotion, "And Nature them." One of his disciples, expressing grief for his dying innocent, "What," he answered, "would you have me die guilty?"

With unshaken constancy he told his judges, and with a noble tranquillity, "I am going to suffer death by your order, to which Nature had condemned me from the first moment of my birth; but my accusers will suffer no less

from infamy and injustice by the decrees of truth."

When the deadly poison was brought he drank it off with a wonderful fortitude and serenity. Till this moment, with great difficulty, his surrounding friends had refrained their tears, but after the fatal draught they were no longer their own masters, and now wept abundantly. One lamented with such excessive grief as pierced the hearts of all surrounding the dying couch. Socrates alone remained unmoved, and with his usual patience and mildness asked, "What are you doing? I admire you. Ah! what is become of your virtue? Was it not for this I sent away the women that they might not fall into these weaknesses, for I have always heard say that we ought to die peaceably and blessing the gods? Be at ease, I beg of you, and show more constancy and resolution." And so passed away the wisest and best man, as we imagine, the heathen world could ever boast of. It seems to me that Socrates believed, as far as could be expected in a heathen, the doctrine of Divine influences. Besides the evidences already mentioned, we find him positively asserting that virtue cometh not from human teaching, but by a Divine power or fate. Nature gives not virtue. We are born indeed for this, but without it. "Conversing with another philosopher, who doubted of a Divine Providence, he addressed him in these emphatic words, 'O, apply yourself sincerely to the worship of God; he will enlighten you, and all your doubts will soon be removed.'"

My page not quite full, I will add another example of patience from ancient history. Epictetus was the most renowned of the Stoic philosophers, and for some time was a slave. He reduced all his philosophy to two points only: "To suffer evils with patience and enjoy pleasures with moderation," which he expressed in two simple Greek words, which meant *bear* and *forbear*. Of the former he gave himself a striking example. While a slave his master one day, squeezing his leg to torment him, Epictetus said very calmly, "You will break my leg," and which accordingly happened. "Did I not tell you," said the philosopher very calmly and smiling, "that you would break my leg?"

OUR understandings are always liable to error; nature and certainty are very hard to come at, and infallibility is mere vanity and pretense.—*Antoninus*.

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ANCIENT ART.

BY MRS. LUCY A. OSBAND.

THERE is every reason to believe that a taste for the fine arts was manifested at a very early period in the history of the human race. How or to what extent this taste was cultivated in the antediluvian world we are not informed; it is simply stated that Jubal, the seventh from Adam, was the father of all such as handle the harp and the organ. But from the time of God's covenant with Noah, when the bow in the cloud spanned the repentant earth, and every eye kindled with rapture at the sight, we are able more clearly to trace the progress of art and its influence in civilizing and refining the nations of antiquity.

According to the Sacred Record architecture seems to have been the first study of the post-diluvians. Towns arose upon the lately-desolated plains, and cities were built whose ruins have not yet wholly yielded to the corroding touch of time. Thus art gathered the scattered race into nations and gave to them the first elements of civilization.

Of the other branches cultivated among the earlier Oriental nations we know little, but among the Jews music, embroidery, and the working of the precious metals seem to have been carried to a high state of perfection. It is not difficult to trace the influence of these arts in fashioning the Jewish character. The adornments of the Tabernacle were patterned after God's own designing, and till the building of the Temple remained the perpetual admiration of the Jewish people. Accordingly, we find them embroidering their garments, adorning them with fringes, "making broad their phylacteries," and laying every nation under tribute for fabrics of royal hue and costly texture. Their music was largely instrumental, but carefully adapted to the requirements of every occasion. The timbrel of Miriam, the trumpets at Jericho, the harp of David, and the choirs of the Temple service play each an important part in the history of their times. They gave direction to events, impulse to the age, and tone to the whole character of the people.

The magnitude and splendor of the first Temple, and the imposing ceremonies of the Hebrew ritual, were still more powerful in their fashioning influence. They added to the religious element the permanent embodiment of beauty and sublimity. The Tabernacle was neither fixed nor comparatively imposing; the ark was inaccessible to the people, and the

immediate influence of the harp and viol passed away with their dying cadences. But the Temple and its service were an abiding presence. The fire never went out upon the altar, and the gilded spires and snowy walls reflected the radiance of an eastern sun with constant splendor. These influences were deep and permanent. In the Jewish character of to-day we can read, almost unaided by history, the record of their past.

In Greece the influence of art was no less manifest, but it touched a different chord of the human heart. Architecture and music were not neglected, but the highest talent was devoted to painting and sculpture. Statues of the gods and paintings illustrative of their beautiful mythology adorned their public buildings, while their cities were filled with heroic monuments. Zeuxis and Phidias, no less than Solon and Pericles, gave shape to the national character.

The cause of this wide difference between Jewish and Grecian art may be traced to the central idea of their respective religions. The gods of the Greek were as numerous as the fictions of his own imagination; they were beings like himself, having form and substance; they were not too sacred to be approached nor too awful to be gazed upon. His faith was the faith by sight. He required his divinities to mingle among men, to take up their abode on his own blue mountain-tops, in the luxuriant vales, and the Delphic chasm; by the ocean wave and along the river's brink; everywhere he turned his eye an answering deity must meet his asking gaze. His mythology was beautiful but it was material. He could not walk "as seeing Him who is invisible," and accordingly when his eager faith demanded an object of worship he carved an image of his God, and thenceforth the divinity took up its abode in the senseless statue.

With the Jew all this was reversed. The object of his worship was the one God, Creator, preserver, and controller—the great I AM, who filled all time and all space. He was a God of justice, and clothed with terrible power. "He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies." No man might see his face and live. Even to Moses, with whom he talked face to face as a man with his friend, he revealed only a glimpse of his glory, hiding him in a cleft of the rock and covering him with his hand lest his mortal nature should be unable to endure the sight. Sometimes, in revelations of mercy he was represented by the angel of the Covenant or the brightness

of the Shekinah, but more frequently he revealed himself in the whirlwind and in the pestilence, in lightnings and thunderings, in quaking mountains and path-cleft seas.

Moreover, he was a jealous God. No image or likeness of any thing in heaven or earth might come between him and his people; him and him only should they serve. Here we have the difference between the Jew and the Greek. The God of the one was material, tangible, definite; of the other spiritual, incomprehensible, infinite. The one was a form, the other a presence. Hence, painting and sculpture were the glory of Greece, but so far as we know were never cultivated by the Jews.

Thus the cause of the different developments of art is found in religious belief, and the reflex influence of these developments in fashioning national character is traced in the history of the times. So long as their worship was uncontaminated the Jewish character was high-toned and spiritual, but when they looked with wanton and covetous eyes upon the sculptured images of neighboring nations they lapsed into occasional idolatries, for which the invariable penalty was loss of national character and power. The Greeks, dwelling in the presence of the Olympian Jove, the temple of Minerva and the statue of Apollo, were consequently given to religious ceremonies, literary pursuits, and the fine arts. The statue of War and the temple of Janus adorned the seven-hilled city, and the Roman knew no higher glory than military fame.

With Rome and Roman dominion ends the reign of ancient art. Thenceforward influences are at work which open the way for a new order of things, and which, during the long night of the dark ages, slowly elaborate those master-pieces of painting and architecture which inaugurate the modern era.

THERE is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity; and if adversity overtake him he will be the dearer to her by misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world besides cast him off she will be all the world to him.—*Washington Irving.*

LOSSES AND CROSSES.

BY HARRIET M. DEAN.

SAD adversity is always more or less compassionate. The world, whatever may be said of its indifference, is full of pity for sudden catastrophe, and the family that has seen "better days," is never wholly forsaken when poverty comes. A tender sympathy in truer hearts and a lingering, servile respect in baser ones, attends the household band on the untried path. When persons unused to poverty accept their new position cheerfully and confront difficulties with a bold face, new friends are found who call the unaccustomed struggle "heroism," and who strengthen the hands unused to toil, and who render sincere homage to all worthy endeavor. When strength is unspent by long years of exposure, labor, and anxiety, a necessary effort, as novel as it is wholesome, arouses the powers of the mind, and comforts well-earned are heartily enjoyed.

But what of those who never saw "better days?" nay, more, who can not reasonably hope to see "better days?" to whom toil has brought and will bring only hard hands, aching limbs, an overtasked brain, and a weary heart? While such have no luxurious past to recall, in the future they can see, at best, only an ability to live from day to day. Many have lost the spur of expectation, having been thwarted in a thousand minor ways, and have grown dull and impatient at their task, simply because the reward of those tasks well-performed has been so small. Uninteresting may seem the life of the poor man who sits and has sat always at the same plain board, and looked at the same poor walls, yet who knows how much ambition he may have crushed out of his heart, while he has devoted himself to some true though humble purpose?

Life has no varnish and gilding for him, but it has its plain duties and it daily has its *crosses*. What has been lost may yet remain a pleasant picture in memory, so that no one is ever wholly dispossessed of a blessing once enjoyed. Then while we pity those from whom rich blessings have been withdrawn, let us not be wanting in compassion for the weary monotony of a life to which such rich blessings have never come.

GRACE tried is better than grace, and more than grace; it is glory in its infancy. Who knows the truth of grace without trial? And how soon would faith freeze without a cross?

"BRUISED REEDS."

BY M. E. RADCLIFF.

THE fair sun rose brightly, proudly upon my quiet home this August morn; the birds chirped, the locusts murmured quiet notes, and I said in my gladness, "There is no darkness, no evil shades in this beautiful day." Yet Hope prophesieth not always truly. The glowing sun went away with a deep shadow upon his face, and the wailing note of the dove closed the half-finished aerial chorus, as it echoes forever these words of mortal man,

"I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead."

Such a day is analogous to the dawn and the sun-setting of life. The broad, golden gleams of beauty sent athwart prosperity's home; the deep sacred songs of love's darlings are the soul-stirring autocrats of the beginning of life. Yet lo the sun goeth down, our "house is left unto us desolate." In the twilight of enjoyment the tender heart of the wife is pierced by a thorn, and she is widowed. There is weeping and wailing, for the night approacheth with many and thick gathering clouds; the soul-stricken bird of sorrow makes one low, dismal moan, then calms her "Lorn as a hung-up lute," for ah, the "master-chord is broken."

Broken, did I say? no, no, it can not be! There are harps of golden strings "in a land more bright than this," whose sweet, undying music floats wave upon wave down, down through the mist, fog, and battle-smoke of earth in tinkling strains such as this, "At eventide it shall be light," and when earth at last recedes, the distant lyre breathes forth the Master's words, "Come unto me." Not broken, no, but a bending toward the Cross of Calvary, and it is well.

Cold and cruel it is, that word "heart-broken." Let the pale mother watch the last fluttering breath of the young creature she calls "child," till the white throat ceases its agonizing quiver, and the warm heart has palpitated its last throb of pain. I have seen it all, heard the voice shaking with the burden of tears no eye could shed, plead, "Darling, do you know me?" I have seen the large spiritual eye turn slowly from its steady, upward gaze to rest for a moment upon the widowed parent, then close upon earthly things forever.

Say you the mother's heart was broken? Ah, it might have been, God knows; but there were others bending over the death-charmed body, crying, "Sister, O, sister!" and she drew

them away from the beautiful inanimate clay, speaking with quaking voice, but calm, strong faith of the added link in the chain drawing ever upward. The heavy Cross was her support, and the aged feet waded safely through the deep rolling waters. A God, all-wise and loving, sustaineth the soul that else would be crushed amid the ruins of a lifeless life.

In our daily walk we meet at every step frail, drooping forms, and faces pale with the sorrows of time; we sigh, murmuring "heart-broken," and pass on. Thus the mourner, day after day, looks through a darkened glass upon her sufferings. She treasures the pitying glances of mistaken friends, and the dull, sepulchral word "heart-broken" rings like a death-knell in the ear that might mayhap have heard a stray note rich with sweet music.

The soul may be destitute of friends and alone in the great world; one by one the idols of a happy home may pass away and none be left to cheer; the cold, dark specter, poverty, may enter the drear abode, still there is life in the shriveled body. You can see it in the mournful, steady gaze of the faded eye, in the quivering of the purple lips. Ah yes, you may see the vital affection stirring in the heart's depths—the heart you said was broken—when you take those bloodless hands in yours, and smile into the anguished face as you speak of joys yet to be found here, and the eternal happiness of heaven. O, speak kindly to the downcast mortal! "In accents mild" tell of the warmth in this seeming cold world that each one may share. Fulfill a mission of gladness to the soul as you whisper, "Be of good cheer."

Man, woman, there is work for thee—a great and mighty work. How it stares us suddenly in the face, and causes us to start back like guilty things, when the mournful eye or blasted cheek rises up before us, saying, in their wild despair, "Why stand ye here all the day idle!" Why, O why! the day all bright and radiant is going, going, "why stand ye here idle?"

We live on, and on; we watch the fading of bud and flower, the dark earth covers them and they are seen no more. And what have we done for the bruised reeds? Ah, we have told them as they vanished away, "We can not help you, for you are dying—dying of a broken heart."

"Through great tribulation shall ye enter into the kingdom of heaven," not through the deadness of a weary, wasted life, the debris of a crushed soul.

Point them to the Cross; teach them of the Savior, who suffered as never mortal suffered, yet prayed "even so Father, for so it seemeth

good in thy sight." Place their weary feet upon the rock of everlasting love; then shall they find new beauties where all else would be barren of things lovely, and the "awearry, awareary" would be hushed forever.

THE COMFORTING THOUGHT.

BY MISS ELLEN DAY.

"SEED sown by God to ripen for the harvest." It was too early for Indian Summer, but not for the brown-green, which the first chill nights bring upon the leaves. Out from among them, with mournful stroke, came the toll of the bell. Then the holy service, soothing a little our grief, and the soft, pure "minor" losing itself upward like an angel's song, and our dead was buried—fair, childish clay—that even in death had scarce known suffering, and slept within the earth,

"Like a pure thought within a sinful soul:
Dearer to God is earth for its sweet sake."

A few months went by. The gay colors which do not show death, but ripeness, maturity, had faded from the woods, and November winds swept the leaves into whirls and eddies as we stood again by that grave. With well-nigh bursting hearts we were laying to rest our only, our beautiful sister. O, the mystery of God's economy—that she must die! A few months before she had finished her three years of study. How I remembered the day when her clear, sweet reading thrilled to the corners of the vast hall! How the crowd grew hushed, and grave faces, full of years and wisdom, said plainly, "A woman can think," and looked upon her almost as Eli might have looked upon Samuel after his vision! How her teachers, older than we, saw years of noble, kindly life stretch out before her! Ah, because the brow was broad and full we did not mark it was too pale; that even then the spirit was burning outward through the "earthen vessel!" But so it was. Study had killed her, and long before the red in the leaves, we saw its fatal sign on her cheek.

Yet though leaving all her plans and hopes, there was no sting in her death. "Do not," she would say, "think of me drearily when I am gone. I shall be with Christ, the precious Savior indeed, worthy of all our love and praise. I shall learn of him, and do his will perfectly. And how easily can he do the work I wished to do!" Often at the last there came into her face such unspoken rapture that I could restrain my grief—forget it even in solemn awe. But

when she was gone—that wild November night, none but our Maker, who knows the unsounded capacity of the human soul, both to suffer and rejoice, can tell with what rebellious agony I asked, “why this should be?” And long after I asked it, too hurt and blind to see the answer—forgetting her words and thinking only that she, who might have been so useful, was so fair, and so much loved, died by God’s will, while the foul-hearted and wrong-working, and many to whom life was a loathsome burden, by his will still lived.

Not months but years have gone by, and after long absence I stand by the two graves. It is Summer wind now that lifts the trailing branches, and assurance in God’s word, too, has taken the November out of my heart, and even in trials, maintains there a Summer life. Almost as to Martha, by the Judean wayside, Christ speaks to me, and in many things before unnoticed, I find poetic if not logical confirmation of his Word. The sun is going out through vermillion gates, and close upon twilight will come dark night; but morning will come again. So upon another else starless night will dawn the resurrection. The blue myrtle flowers are past; soon all forms of vegetation will droop, and the snow be piled upon their graves. Yet we shall know that their life is not lost; that it will arise after its Winter sleep.

I have often, and do now, recall my sister’s words, “I shall learn of Him and do his will perfectly.” How much clearer than I do now, did she understand the progress in knowledge and growth of soul that belong to heaven—its wide scope for glorifying God? Why did I not see that what seemed to me like cutting off life, was but setting life free—I, too, who had professed to believe it? Truly there is a difference between *conviction* and *perception*—the difference between the living and nominal Christian.

Were her years of study, the bloom of her life wasted? Many, like her, die just when we plan they shall live. How many intellectual, Christian men, during the last four years, have, at the end of a college course, gone to battle and fallen early! There are full battalions of such in the army of martyrs, who by ball, fever, and wasting prison have passed to glory. When such a one has gone, those who think the only object of learning is, that whatever is put into the mind *may come out to worldly use*, say, “What a loss of time!” A loss surely, but not of time. It is a loss to the world of a strong engine to help drag it up the heavy grade which evidently requires many such engines. But to the hard-working student it is

so much gained. Caroline Herschel, the sister of the great astronomer, was her brother’s life-long helper. Were those nights she spent gazing out upon the starry heavens, while thoughts of God’s power and greatness filled her soul, lost? No. Intellectually there will be a difference in heaven. There will be in one no foolish envy, and in another no foolish pride that it is so—pride that we are thus under heavy debt to the Lord—but there will be difference, and

“The ken

Of gifted spirits will glorify him more,”

whether the gift come by natural endowment or by diligent cultivation. Here is strong motive for culture—true culture being inconsistent with neglect of the smallest duty. I would not plead for books as the only means or for the violation of physical law, as unwittingly happened in my sister’s case. But if the “man’s the gold,” the soul is the man, and books digested and thought about help the soul to that wider vision and grasp, that development and growth, which in heaven or on earth is desirable. It is true that here we learn slowly and painfully, but to the attentive, reverent mind, not only books, but as to Hugh Miller, gray cliffs by the “lonely sea”—all God’s works, his providence clearing a path for right even through blood, his discipline to our own souls, all will unfold great store of truth. And by so much as we learn we may commence higher in the world to come. Her study was not lost. She entered heaven in an “advanced class.”

Much as we may learn here, it is but a very infinitesimal part of the whole. And here a mind, however gifted, can grasp only one item of truth—a grain in uncounted tuns of living rock. The poet, “prophet of the beautiful,” the patient naturalist, the awed and wondering astronomer, the digging theologian, and perhaps like gold-dust beside iron, the suffering like Christ dragging crosses.

“Too heavy for mortals to bear,” bring each his particle to the little fragment which all the world in all time have hewn out. But in heaven all will be ours. We shall be poet and philosopher—our perceptions ranging through every department of what we call genius—and, above all, priests unto God, understanding those holy mysteries upon whose portals the soul now faints in wondrous untold glory.

It is true we know nothing of the life to come in detail. Lazarus, nor any who have risen from the dead, brought tidings of the unseen world. Great truths, like this, of the resurrection, are not given at first with specifica-

tions, only as they pertain to practice, Christ's character at first was dimly spoken in sacrifice and prophecy, compared with the light in which we see it. The truths of geology were given to Moses in a skeleton which time and science flesh over. And thus perhaps the book of Revelations is a record of great changes and events in outline which time will fill. But from its nature we can not understand this one fully. We can not comprehend a "spiritual" body or its evenness of perception—can only speculate whether it will need eye or ear. We talk much of singing in heaven, because here it brings us so near to God. It is not necessary to mar one sweet thought of this kind. We know that we shall praise perfectly, and that our "spiritual body" will be glorious. If this earth, only a passing home—an inn for a night—is made so beautiful, what will be worthy our eternal one? What the spirit-temples for which is prepared the splendor of that city "whose builder and maker is God!" We are told they shall be incorruptible. What in this world is perfectly so? They shall "be raised in honor"—no deformity or uncouth feature. Here we glory in strength, but color and soundness pass away, and humbled by disease and exhaustion the body is "sown" to be raised in uncorrupting strength, and to real and perfect "immortality."

Paul tells us we are related to the "spiritual" body as the wheat is related to the graceful laden stalk. Our personality is the germ to which "God giveth a body as it hath pleased him." How irreverent and foolish those who said, "It is absurd that particles scattered and passed into other organizations can be reunited. There is an absurd side to all reality. We hold in our hand a tulip bulb. How absurd that, as once the whole world in God's thought, there lies in that dry thing the gorgeous rich-hearted flower! How absurd to plant any seed, but for faith! God could gather every particle, even though, like those of Eastern pilgrims, our bodies were dismembered by desert beasts, our bones bleached, powdered, and borne by all the winds of heaven to the four quarters of the earth.

It is certain, however, and a precious thought, that we shall retain our individuality. To every seed is given "its own body." No one accustomed to them mistakes growing corn for wheat. No one knowing us both will mistake my individuality for that of my neighbor. We shall recognize the angels "who excel in strength" and the noblest, holiest souls of earth, as one would know a towering palm from an undershrub. Not only shall we know Christ, "God over all, blessed forever," and the

angels, but we shall know our friends. Each will retain his distinctive traits—features of the soul. I may not see just such a face, or the lithe, graceful form I remember, but it will be my sister, only more beautiful;

"Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know her when we meet."

MY CROSS.

BY MISS M. M. SHEPARD.

My way was bright and joyous,
And my heart was bounding light;
The birds were singing round me,
And earth and heavens were bright;
But as I gayly caroled,
Without or sound or sign,
The thunder fell from heaven
And crushed this heart of mine!

I bent, I bent beneath it,
And bitter tears I wept,
And impotent with anguish
I strove while others slept
I called on Pride to aid me,
Her counsel to impart;
Deep, deep I hid my sorrow
Within my breaking heart.

But there it grew and rankled
Till I could not bear the pain,
And, spite of Shame's wild anguish,
I cast it forth again.
Then I strove to wear it gayly,
Like a starry crown of pride,
And I wreathed it with fresh flowers,
And bright jewels side by side.

But my brow, my brow was aching,
Though my lip with smiles was gay;
And my heart was aye lamenting
Through the long and dreary day.
Then I cast me down in anguish,
In the dust I bowed my head,
And I wept with bitter passion,
And wished that I were dead.

But as dumb with sullen anguish
Upon the ground I lay,
Sudden light dawned on my darkness,
And I heard my Savior say,
"Casting all thy care upon me,
Take thy cross and follow me!"
Then I rose, without a question,
And, my Savior, followed thee!

Now no longer bending downward
'Neath the weary weight of pride,
I can bear my cross with meekness,
For my Savior's at my side.
And I know that when my journey
On this weary earth is done,
My cross itself shall bear me
To the lands beyond the sun.

THE LAKE DISTRICT IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

BY REV. E. B. WELCH.

BY the favor of the Repository I have already given its readers an account of Taghanic Falls and Cayuga Lake. Sailing up this lake we concluded to reach the Seneca by a detour southward through Owego and Elmira. With lively classic sympathies and brilliant dreams of the triumphs, and trials, and travels of "the prudent Ulysses," we passed the night at Ithica. The village is on the plain at the head of the lake, and on all sides, save the north, begirt with ridges from 400 to 700 feet high, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem." We arrange with Boniface to arouse us for a preprandial visit to the cascades in Fall Creek on the northeast angle of the hills that overlook the town. Mine host, true to his promise, gave us an early call, and before the sunlight reached the valley we were threading the quiet streets on our way to the mountain. A walk of twenty minutes brought us to the outskirts of the town into the region of mills and manufactures that line the base of the hills and congregate especially at the mouth of every gorge to catch the grand water-power that leaps with the cataracts down the rugged cliffs. The morning glory was spreading along the western hills as we passed out upon the lofty stone archway that spans Fall Creek, as strangers attracted thither by the roar of waters. At the moment our eyes were greeted with a view of the fall, bright with the reflection from the western hills. After repeated cascades above, the water, gathering momentum, comes leaping down a terraced cliff more than one hundred feet high and as many broad into a grand amphitheater, scooped out of the solid rock by an aqueous hand, slow at its work, but unrelenting, cheered to its task by the ceaseless thunder of the cataract, at once the attendant of its toils and the precursor of its triumph. So joyously and steadily do the Divinely-impelled forces of nature operate, unwearied through the lapse of ages, revealing beauty and grandeur to the view of man, realizing the thoughts of God, and sure of success in their unflinching perseverance.

Above the brink of the fall the stream has cut its way through the rocky cliff which towers above it perpendicularly on either side one hundred feet high, opening up a distant view to another beautiful cascade, which is preceded by three others, all within the space of one mile, while the bold hand of practical

art has tunneled the rocky bank on the right for two hundred feet, through which the curious traveler can pass in perfect safety on a wide plank walk. This side-cut supplies the mills with an exhaustless force. Delighted with the view of the falls, the precipice, the gorge, the tunnel, the village, the surrounding mountains, and the placid lake, we gather flowers and ferns from the cliff and hasten back to fortify ourselves for crossing the hills toward Owego.

To get out of town by rail one must climb a mountain more than six hundred feet high, and to gain one mile travel seven! This is accomplished by a zigzag way that reminded me of Bonaparte's famous road up the Simplon toward Italy. After crossing a marsh half a mile wide between the lake and the town, the train begins the steep ascent near the Butter-milk Fall, which dashes down at an angle of forty-five degrees in a sheet of milky-white foam, as the name aptly indicates. Advancing and retreating by steep inclined planes, the tourist takes no note of time, so highly is he entertained with new and beautiful views of the town, the hills, the gorges, the waterfalls, the lake stretching for twenty miles in sight, and the fine shores of Cayuga and Seneca counties. I was told that a gentleman from New York reaching this village at sunset, took the evening train for Owego from the lake. Running across the marsh and up the inclined plane, as he looked out at the window he inquired, "What place is this?" The reply was "Ithica." Back another inclined plane and up a third he saw a town again, and inquired, "What place is this?" The reply was "Ithica." Again and again as they advanced and retreated were the question and answer repeated. Surprised by the vastness of the town, he concluded to leave the cars and stay over.

Few railroad rides, indeed, afford a more agreeable treat within the same distance to the traveler who is not pressed for time. My limits allow me merely to mention Owego, with its fine cemetery ground, which contains, among others, the monument to that celebrated songstress, "The Indian Nightingale," or "Glen Mary" near by, where N. P. Willis wrote his "Rural Letters," or "Vesper Cliff," once the residence of Rev. Dr. S. H. Cox; or Elmira, with its pleasant drives and fine churches, its female college in the midst of a charming panorama of hills and valley bordering the Chemung.

After the Sabbath, in the early morning, we resume our tour to the lake district, directing

our course toward the head of Seneca Lake. On the way are glimpses of scenery lit up by the morning and arrayed in peacefulness and beauty to refresh us and reassure expectation. Soon we are at the head of the lake. The shores on either side are bold and stern as they crowd around the beautiful Seneca, which nestles quietly and almost tremblingly at their base. The fine steamer patriotically floats the stars and stripes and puffs its warm welcome to every person, be he strange or familiar, for a consideration at the captain's office. It is half-past six o'clock, and we start down the lake. At our left in the distance we descry Glen Falls. Along the rocky terrace of a mile its silver cascades hasten, leaping with joy, to mingle their crystal waters with the azure depths below. The shores are bolder than those of Cayuga, and slope upward in a similar manner to a ridge that runs parallel with the lake. Here the ridge lies nearer the shore, and is not so irregular. A mile and a half down the lake on the right we pass "Painted Rock," nearly a hundred feet perpendicular, on which tradition points out some red letters painted by the Indians. It reports that over these rocks General Sullivan drove the flying savages into the lake below. Onward and we pass Hector Falls. We count three or four cascades in the stream that comes pouring down from the east, and are told that there are as many more as you trace its course toward the summit of the ridge.

Viewed from the deck of the steamer the picture is charming. A slender bridge stretches across the stream between the cascades, while the bright waters which sparkle like jewels in the distance are dashed to foam by successive falls, till mist and sunlight mingle in festive union. We begin to understand what had hitherto seemed to us mysterious—why Tagh-anic Falls on Cayuga Lake were not more noted and thronged by visitors. These lakes furnish grand gorges and charming waterfalls so numerous and so similar that they share the public admiration, and no one can monopolize the attention. On the western side of Seneca Lake the rocky bluffs line the shore with perpendicular palisades from one hundred to three hundred feet high, reminding one of the lower Hudson. Frequent gorges break down from the summit sheer to the lake's surface, by their impetuous currents forming beautiful tongues of land on which are cottages and mills. The ravines, thickly fringed with trees and pouring down repeated cascades, render the scene peculiarly picturesque.

The waters of this lake, deepest of the entire

group in Central New York, seem like a sea in color and depth. The illusion is more complete as the waves begin to move before the rising wind, and our brave little steamer thrills to the motion as would the Great Eastern to the swell of the ocean. The Seneca, though not the longest, is in the volume of its waters the greatest of these inland lakes. So a century ago, when the Six Nations of Indians constituted the famous Iroquois Confederacy, the Senecas claimed the first rank as warriors among these "Romans of the western world." The principal village, Kanadesaga, was at the foot of the lake. Their name was significant of their origin; Senecas, "Men of the Mountain," or "People of the Great Hill." They sprang from the mountain, and claim Genundewah, the great hill at the head of Canandaigua Lake, as the place of their birth. Never had savages a more delightful home. Here they roamed over rich fields and through grand forests in quest of game, or skimmed in their light canoes over these beautiful lakes, or angled in their pure depths for the delicious trout. Nature bestowed the lavish gift and then abandoned her untutored children to themselves and their foes. Long and fiercely they struggled to retain the fair inheritance. So recent is this history that one sailing on these inland waters vividly recalls the strife, peers unconsciously into the dark ravine to detect the lurking foe, fancies the war-whoop resounding, and the swift canoe darting from some concealed nook with savage warriors armed and plumed. Scarcely four score years have passed away, and the dusky forms have disappeared. The hunting-grounds are thickly peopled by another race. A new creation supersedes the past; fair fields for dark forests; railroads for the Indian trail; the steamer for the birch canoe; thriving towns and cities for wild wigwams. New names as strange as this new creation have supplanted almost every Indian appellation, so ambitious is civilization to obliterate the vestiges of barbarism. Instead of the grand, euphonious names which Nature suggested and clothed with significance, the vicinity of the lakes boasts such civilized epithets as these: Irelandville, Overacker's Corners, Steamburg, and the like. But reaction following upon excessive changes has supplied Cayuga, Geneva, Ovid, Hector, and Milo, and restored Seneca to its place among

"The seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors 'neath the Summer sky."

The compromise revives a thousand classic associations. Homer and Virgil recall the

grandest triumphs of the Epic Muse; Solon and Cicero, philosophy and law, the forum and the school; Scipio and Hannibal, the Punic Wars, Rome endangered, and Carthage overthrown. Our steamer halts at Hector Landing. One involuntarily recalls the son of Priam and Hecuba, bravest of the Trojans, the valiant Hector,

"Who, high above the rest,
Shakes his huge spear and nods his plumed crest,
While thick around his native bands repair,
And groves of lances glitter in the air."

But the lofty walls appear not. All is peaceful here, and we turn to compare Hector and Ajax and their Greek and Trojan warriors with our brave armies and famous generals, and question whether Homer would have written the Iliad if he had caught a prophetic glimpse of the American conflict.

But the steam signal disturbs our reverie. The vessel moves down the lake. Here at our right is Ovid in modern attire and unpoetic mien, looking forth contentedly from this American shore, smiling kindly upon the epic bard of England, Milton, just beyond the Cayuga. So grotesquely are names mingled in this neighborhood.

Onward the lake expands into a miniature sea, and the shores lose their boldness and slope gradually away into rich upland farms. The merry wind sports with our starry flag, plays fantastic freaks with the awning, bedecks the blue waters with jaunty white caps, dashes the mimic billows into spray along the shore, skims gayly over the fields, and charms the emerald meadows and the golden grain into unnumbered wavelets, while the light fleecy clouds, floating in the sunbeams or fleeing with the wind, fling their shadows on the lake and land and crown the scene with untold beauty. And here at the foot of the lake is Geneva, with its church spires and academic groves, its broad streets, and verdant banks, and fairy water views, which entitle it to favorable comparison with its Swiss namesake at the foot of Lake Leman.

THE contemplation of the Divine Being and the exercise of virtue are in their nature so far from excluding all gladness of heart that they are perpetual sources of it. In a word, the true spirit of religion cheers as well as composes the soul. It banishes all levity of behavior, but in exchange fills the mind with perpetual serenity, uninterrupted cheerfulness, and an habitual inclination to please others.

CAROLINE PERTHES.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

CAROLINE PERTHES neither sought nor desired fame, yet an enduring record of her remains in the copious and charming memoir of the husband with whom her own life was so closely intertwined.

Frederick Perthes, one of Germany's noblest and most loyal sons, was born at Rudolstadt in 1772, of poor but highly-respectable parents. After many youthful struggles, which served only to brace and improve a character very lovely by nature, he established himself as a bookseller and publisher at Hamburg, where, by his aptitude for business and his manly energy, he acquired position and wealth. On the 22d of November, 1796, Perthes first met Caroline Claudius at her father's house. "Her bright eyes and her clear, open look pleased me, and I loved her," he wrote. Claudius was a distinguished man, and the daughters highly-educated women. For a time the acceptance of Perthes by the family was doubtful, but difficulties were surmounted, and on the 2d of August, 1797, Caroline became his wife. Till that time she had lived a life of pious seclusion in the bosom of her family. Very charming is the description of that household. Plain living was combined with high thinking, and the piety, intelligence, and simplicity of the parents were reflected in their domestic life. Household duties, study, and music occupied the time of Caroline. She was acquainted with the modern languages, and knew enough of Latin to subsequently assist her sons. After her betrothal she wrote to her friend, the Princess Gallitzin, that she was a happy bride, that she believed she had taken the step in accordance with the will of God. "And now," she added, "I can only close my eyes and entreat God's blessing. My Perthes is a good man, and I think that he and I may make common cause, and by God's help make progress."

The habits and nature of the young couple were diverse. Perthes was formed to struggle manfully with the external world, while Caroline's life had hitherto been entirely from within. When, after her marriage, she came in contact with contending influences, she was alarmed and disquieted. She wrote to her husband that she was no longer the same, that God had before held her by the hand and led her, but that now she saw him afar off with an outstretched arm which she was unable to grasp. "This must not be always so," she adds, "for my heart can not endure such a

prospect. God grant me the continuance of this inward longing, and suffer me rather to die than to be content without it." The tender affection and stronger nature of Perthes sustained and consoled her in some degree, though several years later he writes: "Caroline does not find life easy. In spite of her calm temper and her rich and lively fancy she finds it hard to have to do with the finite and ever-changing things of the world and of time. And yet when I see her holding fast by her inward life in spite of the many annoyances which the tumult and distractions of her daily existence too often cause her, and also fulfilling the outward duties of her position in a manner so self-denying, kind, and noble, she imparts strength to me, and becomes truly my guiding angel." In after days she wrote: "God has led me by a different way from that which I had marked out for myself, but it has been the right way. He has given me in labor and tumult what I would gladly have sought and found in quiet and solitude." No wonder that the heart of her husband clung to such a woman more fondly each succeeding year of their union. "You, yes, you, my ever-youthful love," he writes some time after their marriage, "have given me a new life. Through you I am born again. While you are absent all around me is cold and uninteresting; you alone give tone and coloring to every thing." Many children were born to them, and they naturally became links to bind the mother more closely to the outer and practical world. Their house was the seat of hospitality, and as Perthes had a general acquaintance and even intimacy with most of the distinguished men of Germany, Caroline was brought into contact with a variety of minds that gave a freer and fuller development to her own.

In the mean time, Perthes himself was passing through a strong inward conflict. He had felt the natural alienation of his heart from God, and after vainly trying philosophy and rationalism to put him right, he turned to his pious wife for relief. "By the love of thee," he writes her, "I shall rise brighter and draw nearer to Him in whom I find I can not participate without some medium." But he found that he needed another medium than even his pious Caroline. "My anxiety," he writes subsequently, "calls for some one who, in my stead, gives satisfaction; even a God who has felt the agony of man." The details of his interior life, interesting as they are, it is not for us to dwell upon any further than as they are connected with the history of his wife.

The sweet and tender traits of Caroline's

character had been fully developed in domestic life when she was called to pass through scenes calculated to test the stronger powers of her nature. Perthes had thrown himself heart and mind into the scenes that convulsed Germany when it writhed in the iron grasp of Napoleon; and when Hamburg was occupied by the French in 1813 he was one of a band of patriots to use every effort for their expulsion. Caroline had remained in the city, meeting danger and hardships most heroically till the 28th of May, when she, with her children, was sent to Wandsbeck, in the Danish territory, the residence of her father. When the infamous Davoust entered Hamburg, pardon was proclaimed for all save ten of the insurgents, among whom was Perthes. Caroline wrote him: "I thank you from my heart that your name stands among the names of the ten enemies of the tyrant. This will bring us joy and honor as long as we live." Perthes fled from Hamburg to escape a rebel's death, and joined his family at Wandsbeck. He had hardly arrived there, however, when information came that the French were but a few hundred paces from them, and he had only time to appoint a place of meeting at Nütschau, the residence of his friend, Count Moltke, and hurry from them.

Exhausted as Caroline was with care and grief, she was compelled to make immediate preparations for her departure, and finally to set off in an open carriage with her seven children, her nurse, and her sister Augusta, who kindly offered to accompany her. Her friends wept over her, but Caroline said, "I felt that I was turned to stone." They reached Nütschau the next morning to find neither Perthes nor comforts of any kind. "It was a life and death struggle those horrible weeks," she writes. "I felt as if every body were dead and I was left alone on the earth."

Perthes, with his eldest son, Matthias, reached Altenhof, the estate of Count Reventlow, in safety. From thence he wrote to Caroline that the family would give up Aschau, their Summer residence on the Baltic, to them. On the 7th of June husband, wife, and children were once more united at Eckenförde, and went from thence to their proffered place of refuge in the neighborhood. "And there," she says, "I thought neither of the past nor the future, but thanked God incessantly, and rejoiced that out of all these perils he had brought my husband to me." When they were somewhat settled, by the help of his account-books, which he had managed to bring with him, Perthes tried to get some insight

into his shattered business, that he might make arrangements to secure his creditors through the debtors of the house. But he was soon informed that he must leave Aschau, as in case of his being demanded by the French the Danish Government would be compelled to give him up. Therefore, under the somber pine-trees that clustered round the house, he again bade his Caroline farewell, leaving her more desolate and helpless than before. The house which gave them a temporary shelter stood in the midst of a dense wood and very near the sea. It had been simply intended for a Summer residence, had no shutters to the twelve windows that extended to the ground, and was very damp. There was no other house save the farmer's near them. He gave them milk and butter, but no other article of housekeeping was to be had within four miles, and the aunt and elder children were obliged to go that distance for them. Caroline was near her confinement, and the damp house and rainy season brought constant disease upon the children. In the midst of all this she writes: "We are rich in comparison with others, for we have a hundred thousand times more than nothing." Of her children she says: "They refreshed me in my distress, each in his own way, and out of the simple and genuine affection of their hearts, my little Bernard not excepted, who is often at a loss to find expressions for his love." Of this child, whom she was soon to lose, she continues: "I scarcely think I could have remained mistress of myself if God had not given me my angel Bernard. When I was in deep affliction on account of Perthes, and of my eight children entering into life deprived of a father's counsel and affection, I folded my dear Bernard in my arms and looked into his clear infant eyes and saw that he was neither troubled nor afraid, but calm, and sweet, and loving, I found faith again, and prayed to God that I might become even as my dear child."

Yet Caroline could not fail to be filled with sad forebodings. She thought of the possibility of her children being left orphans in that isolated place where communications with her husband were greatly interrupted. Yet so calm and self-possessed was her outward manner that those around her never suspected her feelings. She wrote to Perthes to inquire what disposition he would make of the children in case she should be taken from them. On the 17th of September they left Aschau for Kiel. There she found friends and medical advice, but no tidings of her husband. Yet, though suffering inexpressibly on his account, she writes to him: "I do not want you to do any

thing but your duty." Her anxiety soon after this was allayed by hearing that his life was no longer in danger, and that he had been sent to represent the Hanse towns in the Diet of Frankfort.

As soon as the independence of the cities was acknowledged he hastened to Caroline. At Lubeck he heard that she had borne him another son, and on arriving at Kiel all past sufferings were forgotten in finding all well, with "the addition of a darling, healthy infant." But Perthes was too valuable to his country to be allowed a rest of any length. He went by the request of the crown Prince of Sweden to distribute a large sum of money which had been raised for the relief of the exiled Hamburgers. In his absence from Caroline he received from her the following lines: "My dear Perthes, what I feared has happened, our dear Bernard is very ill, and although the physicians assured me yesterday that he was not in danger, I fear the worst. I wish above all things for your sake and my own that you were here. May God be our help! . . . Why should I conceal it longer from you—our angel is with God. He died this morning at half-past nine. He looks wonderfully beautiful. I implore you to come as soon as possible that you may see his dear remains before any change takes place." He obeyed the summons of his wife, but had been with her but a few hours when an urgent call from the Prince requested his immediate return. "Under such circumstances you must go," said Caroline. But he was physically unable. The frame of the strong man had succumbed under trials from which the spirit of the wife had risen. He could not return to the scene of his labors till the 27th of January, whence he writes: "Be comforted, my dear Caroline; true love is immortal, and by bonds of love I feel sure that our little ones are still united to us." A broken bone and violent fever soon sent Perthes back to Kiel, and Caroline had the privilege of nursing him for nine long weeks.

On the 31st of May, 1814, they returned to their ruined home at Hamburg. It had been used as a guard-house, and nothing but filth and rubbish was to be seen. This, with their large family and embarrassed circumstances, made it a sad commencement of their domestic life. Yet Caroline, ever grateful and disposed to make the best of every thing, writes: "God be praised that he has brought us thus far, that he has stood by and helped us in this year of heavy trial! I will be glad and forget all except my dear Bernard." By Autumn, however, through Caroline's exertions, the house

had assumed somewhat of its former appearance of neatness and beauty.

Perthes had been necessarily absent from his family for a time after their return to their old home, but when he again saw Caroline he became aware of her declining health, for the anxieties and sorrows of the past year had told severely upon her. She was sent to Wansbeck for change of air, and returned somewhat strengthened by the journey. But another trial was in store for her. Her father, the good and noble Claudius, was taken from her by death. Before his departure he one night called her to his bedside and said, "I must take something from the night, for the day is too short to thank you, my child." "Death is a hard step," she writes, "but to take the step as he did is inconceivably great." Soon after this Perthes and his eldest son visit Munich, from whence they send her a vivid description of Rubens' Drunken Silenus. She replies: "How dare a man by the medium of such pictures realize to better and purer souls who dream not of them things which are the disgrace and brand of humanity? In a word, I hate such pictures in spite of all the art wherewith they may be painted."

On the 12th of May, 1818, her eldest daughter, Agnes, was married, and the young couple left the parent nest for their new home at Gotha. All the pent-up joy and sorrow of the mother's heart finds relief in a long letter written to Agnes three hours after their departure. "Should I not thank God, and if he has willed it, consent to part with you?" she says. "He will forgive me if I can not do it without tears."

The ensuing year brought severe illness to one of their sons and the birth of a grandchild. "O, that I had a thousand voices that we might strive together to praise God for what he has done for you!" Caroline thus writes. "Pray that God may send his angel to guide your little one through life, and be near him in the hour of trial and of death." Then came more betrothals. Her second daughter, Louise, was addressed by one of whom they knew little. Caroline esteemed this one of the greatest trials of her life. But her reluctance vanished when the young man became known to them, and her counsels to the young bride, as well as those to her sister Agnes, are full of wisdom and tenderness. We place her letters beside Madame De Sevigné's celebrated letters to her daughter, and feel that there is a depth and breadth in Caroline's nature which the lively and accomplished Frenchwoman was utterly unconscious of.

Caroline had now three absent children, who expected letters from her regularly. To her daughter Louise she writes with respect to her husband: "Strive to have common objects of pursuit, and to support each other when either seems ready to faint. Let your first aim be to draw nearer to God and to assist each other in becoming more like him. Do not be disturbed by occasional differences of opinion with regard to the highest things, only be true to each other and seek only the truth; you will thus, though by devious paths, be sure to meet again. Where truth and affection abide joy and happiness are not long absent." "Fancy me," she again says, "on Saturdays looking through your rooms, your presses, and your shelves and praising you when all is neat and in order. I delight to find you take pleasure in all the little matters of your housekeeping. Great events do not often come under our management, but if we are observant and watchful we find our appointed work." She begs Louise to write more minutely and "without consideration about trifles." "Great events," she says, "constitute the life, but trifles the interest of correspondence. Agnes fills her letters with turnips and cabbages, and so gives me unspeakable pleasure. Man here below consists of two parts, and thus *petty* things, not *paltry* recollect, are part of our existence." The husband of Louise was alarmingly ill, and the mother's pen is employed to comfort and strengthen the young wife. When the invalid began to gain strength Caroline wrote: "We rejoice with you in the coming Spring and the warm sunbeams. Although the Spring-time of youth is past for us, not so, thank God, the eternal Spring, which still grows fresher as we grow older."

Caroline's anxiety about the spiritual influence around her daughters took precedence of all others. She says to Agnes, "That you do not find in the pulpit what you seek distresses me greatly, but does not surprise me. The clergy generally preach only morality, which is but meager fare. But do not be cast down on this account; take refuge in your own inner church. God can serve up a better table than any preacher, and will assuredly feed you if you only are hungry. If the preaching be not satisfactory, do not on this account absent yourself from church. There are seasons in which you are more likely to be aroused and quickened in the church than in the house, where I, at least, have seldom a quiet hour." In a letter of later date she says to Agnes, "I am indeed sorry that you are obliged to live without music. Still my advice is not to form

any intimacies only for the sake of music; you might pay too dearly for it, and perhaps not find it easy to draw back. My piano is also dumb. I can not sing one of *our* songs to it. When I sound the first note I feel that you are no longer by my side. Tears then come and choke the rest. Yes, dear Agnes, I feel that it is a hard duty to part from a gift in which God has so long allowed us to rejoice." In this and other letters we see the intense struggle going on in Caroline's motherly heart between joy in the happiness of her child and sorrow in the separation.

Her eldest son, Matthias, was studying theology in the University of Tübingen, and her letters to him are as tender and judicious as those addressed to her daughters. Failing health and never-ceasing cares did not impede her correspondence. Death alone arrested her pen. It had been painful to Caroline to send her first-born from her "without the guidance of any human heart or eye." She says she had hard work with herself, but that she finally laid down her arms and was at peace. She knew that her son was earnest and truth-loving, and trusted to God to give him right views and opinions at the right time. She told him that "man can impart but little to his fellow-man, each must seek and find for himself. I can say with truth," she adds, "that I have been for many years in trouble and anxiety from which I am not even now free. I find it better not to think of one's self much, but rather to think more of God and to long earnestly after him, and if we have fallen to rise at once and go on trusting in God. The Princess Gallitzin once said to me with a deep sense of her insufficiency, 'But I will still *will*.' This word often recurs to me, and cheers me when I am cast down."

Upon another occasion, in writing to her son, she goes on to say: "I am not surprised to hear that you find yourself unable to pray with as much faith and confidence as you desire, for we are at best but as weeds moved to and fro by the wind. But if we only yearn for living faith God will help us on, and doubts and discouragements will eventually cease. Socrates thought that inward peace was not to be attained till a man reached his fortieth year, and Confucius placed the goal still farther forward. But I do wrong in referring to Socrates and Confucius when we have Christ. Consider it unsaid. I always take comfort from that man in the Gospel to whom our Lord Jesus Christ said that he must *believe* before he could be helped, and who replied, 'Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

There may be unbelief and unrest in the head, while the heart holds firmly by its anchor."

Caroline's care extended over every portion of her son's college life. "Tell me how you generally spend Sunday, and whether you have found a preacher who proclaims the truth without any mixture of human additions. Your external life is monotonous, but you must vary it a little so far as is consistent with order and regularity." Then she bids him make a point of keeping his room neat and well aired, and out of love to her to make his toilet on first rising, and not sit half dressed with shoes down at the heel. Her son's interest in home was kept up by her sprightly and vivid sketches of passing events in the domestic circle. We seem to see the breakfast-table dressed with garlands on the wedding-day by children's loving hands, and sympathize in their delight at the reception of Matthias's verses, over which Caroline thanked God and wept. "If you had not been my very own child you would not have sent them," she says. "My heart thanks you for your affection." On his twenty-first birthday she wrote him a longing, loving letter, containing the birthday prayer and wish which were on her heart and lips for him when she that morning unclosed her eyes. Her children seem to be worthy of such parents. Caroline rejoices over them as walking in the way to heaven, and says this is a gift of God's grace, unspeakably precious.

All this time, while only thinking of and exerting herself for others, she was rapidly hastening to the grave. But as the body failed her peace and confidence in God increased. She only asked for perfect submission to his will, "though," she says, "I can not always master the desire to live here on earth. I have so much enjoyment in life, and I have my Perthes." She had always loved nature, and now rejoiced in the advancing season. "Such a fullness of splendor and beauty," she writes, "I think I have never seen before. The loveliness of the trees and foliage, the grass and flowers, is inexpressible. And this great change from death to life has come to pass in a few days, I might say in a few hours. Yes, Spring is the time of joy, and that joy carries my heart upward to that bright and happy land where there shall be no more pain nor sorrow." She again writes: "Mine has been a tumultuous life, and it is seldom that a quiet hour unburdened by anxiety has fallen to my lot. My desire is for quiet and repose. I would not be unemployed, but I long to feel at liberty to follow my inclinations and to obliterate from my mind the world's unrest,

that I may be ready for that time when all reckonings below must be canceled."

Closer grew her communion with God, more full her joy in him as she gradually descended to the grave. Her last days were as beautiful as the early ones of her life, when, young, innocent, and happy, she went forth from her peaceful, pious home "adorned as a bride for her husband." There was less anxiety now. She had dreaded the temptations of life, but she did not dread death. She saw the Father's arms extended to receive her. On the 28th of August, 1821, she died too suddenly to give a farewell token to those around her, leaving life empty and desolate to the husband and children who had found such a supply of overflowing affection in her, which they had as richly returned.

In a letter to Helen Jacobi, one of Caroline's earliest friends, Perthes has thus sketched the character of his incomparable wife: "You, indeed, early appreciated the worth of my Caroline, but removed as you were from her these last years you could not see the development of her mind. Her piety and loveliness and the simplicity of her character were untouched by years, and her affection, while it retained all its depth and strength, expanded in every direction, and showered blessings on all within her reach. She had counsel, comfort, and help for all who approached her, and won love and esteem bordering on reverence from persons of the most opposite character and circumstances. Caroline's imagination was of unparalleled vivacity, and originated the deepest sympathy in all that was passing in the world. She had much experience of human nature, but her judgment was loving and pitiful, her faith was free from the narrowness of the letter, and great as was her affection for me, she was perfectly independent in mind. For twenty-four years we have lived together through cares and anxieties, sometimes through sorrow and trouble, but in all she was happy. Every moment was filled with love and lively sympathy; always resigned to the inevitable, she preserved her heroic spirit in great events. That poverty of spirit so extolled by Taulerus and Thomas à Kempis was hers. She had acquired it in struggling with a vigorous nature, to which passion, impetuosity, and ambition were unknown. From her earliest youth she had lived in close intimacy with her God, and she was sincere as I have known few besides. And now this great and rare blessing is lost to me in the grave; in vain I stretch out my arms. Humanly speaking, I am alone, and yet I have a foretaste of a pre-

viously unknown blessedness, since our souls may now meet unfettered."

After such a portrait by one who best knew her little need be said. It appears to us that Caroline Perthes united in her character all that we most love and reverence in woman. In her we find the filial tenderness of Madame de Stael and the conjugal devotion of Lady Rachael Russell blended with the more than maternal watchfulness of Madame de Sevigné. She represents "the perfect woman nobly planned" of Wordsworth, and her letters appear to us to combine the calm good sense of Elizabeth Carter's, with the life and animation, without the finesse and egotism of Mrs. Montagu's.

A GOOD DAY'S WORK.

"I HAVE done a good day's work if I never do another," said Mr. Barlow, rubbing his hand together briskly, and with the air of a man very much pleased with himself.

"And so have I."

Mrs. Barlow's voice was in a lower tone, and was less exultant, and yet indicative of a spirit at peace with herself.

"Let us compare notes," said Mr. Barlow in the confident manner of one who knows triumph will be his, "and see which has done the best day's work."

"You, of course," returned the gentle-hearted wife.

"We shall see. Let the history of your day's doings precede those of mine."

"No," said Mrs. Barlow, "you shall give the first experience."

"Very well." And full of the subject Mr. Barlow began:

"You remember the debt of Warfield about which I spoke a few days ago?"

"Yes."

"I considered it desperate—would have sold out my interest at thirty cents on the dollar when I left home this morning. Now the whole claim is secure. I had to scheme a little. It was sharp practice; but the thing was done. I do not believe that another creditor of Warfield will get a third of his claim."

"The next operation," continued Mr. Barlow, "I considered quite as good. About a year ago I took fifty acres of land in Erie county for debt at a valuation of five dollars per acre. I sold it to-day for ten. I do not think the man knew just what he was doing. He called to see me about it, and I asked ten dollars an acre at a venture, when he promptly

laid down one hundred dollars to bind the bargain. If I should never see him again I am all right. That is transaction number two. Number three is as pleasant to remember. I sold a lot of goods one year out of date to a country merchant for cash. He thinks he has a good bargain, and perhaps he has, but I would have let them go any time during the past six months at a loss of thirty per cent. and thought the sale a very desirable one.

"Now, there is my good day's work, Jennie, and it is one to be proud of. I take some credit to myself for being upon the whole a pretty bright sort of man and bound to go through. Let us have your story now."

The face of Mrs. Barlow flushed slightly. Her husband waited for a few moments, and then said, "Let us hear of the yards of stitching and the piles of good things you made."

"No, nothing of that," answered Mrs. Barlow with a slight veil of feeling covering her pleasant voice. "I had another meaning when I spoke of having accomplished a good day's work. And now, as my doings will bear no comparison with yours, I think of declining their rehearsal."

"A bargain is a bargain, Jennie," said Barlow. "Word-keeping is a cardinal virtue; so let your story be told. You have done a day's work in your estimation, for you said so. Go on, I am all attention."

Mrs. Barlow still hesitated. But after a little more urging she began her story of a good day's work. Her voice was a little subdued, and there was an evident shrinking from the subject about which she felt constrained to speak.

"I resolved last night," said she, "after passing some hours of self-examination and self-upbraiding, that I would for one day try to possess my soul in patience. And this day has been the trial day. Shall I go on?"

Mrs. Barlow looked up with a timid, half-bashful air at her husband. She did not meet his eyes, for he had turned them partly away.

"Yes, dear Jennie, go on."

The husband's buoyancy was gone. In its place was something tender and pensive.

"Little Eddie was unusually fretful this morning, as you will remember. He seemed perverse, I thought—cross as we call it. I was tempted to speak harshly two or three times, but remembering my good resolution, I put on the armor of patience and never let him hear a tone of my voice that was not a loving one. Dear little fellow! When I went to wash him after breakfast I found just behind one of his ears a small, inflamed boil. It made

him slightly worrisome and feverish all day. O, was n't I glad that patience ruled my spirit!

"After you went away to the store Mary got into one of her bad humors. She did n't want to go to school to begin with; then her shoe pinched her. I felt very much annoyed, but recalling my good resolution, I met her irritation with kindness, her stubborn temper with gentle rebuke; and so I conquered. She kissed me and started to school with a cheerful countenance, her sachel and the pinching shoe unheeded. And so I had my reward.

"But my trials were not over. Some extra washing was needed, so I called Ellen and told her that Mary would require a frock and two pairs of drawers to be washed out, the baby some slips, and you some pocket handkerchiefs. A saucy refusal leaped from the girl's quickened tongue and indignant words to mine. Patience! patience! whispered a still, small voice. I stifled with an effort my feelings, restrained my speech, and controlled my countenance. Very calmly, as to all exterior signs, did I look into Ellen's face till she dropped her eyes to the floor in confusion. 'You must have forgotten yourself,' said I with some dignity of manner, yet without a sign of irritation. She was humbled at once, confessed the wrong, and begged my pardon. I forgave her after reproof, and she went back to the kitchen, somewhat wiser, I think, than when I summoned her. The washing I required has been done, and the girl has seemed all day as if she were endeavoring to atone by kindness and service for that hasty speech. If I mistake not we were both improved by the discipline through which we passed.

"Other trials I have had through the day, some of them quite as severe as the few I have mentioned; but the armor of patience was whole when the sun went down. I was able to possess my soul in peace, and the conquest of self has made me happier. This is my good day's work. It may not seem much in your eyes."

Mr. Barlow did not look up nor speak as the voice of his wife grew silent. She waited almost a minute for his response. Then he went forward suddenly and kissed her, saying as he did so, "Mine was a work, yours a battle; mine success, yours a conquest; mine easy, and yours heroism. Jennie, dear, since you have been talking I have thought thus: My good work has soiled my garments, while yours are without a stain, and white as angel robes. Loving monitor, may your lesson to-night make me a better man! Your good day's work gives a twofold blessing."

I HAVE FINISHED MY WORK.

BY M. JANE SHADDOCK.

"I HAVE glorified thee upon the earth; I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." So exclaimed Jesus, the Christ, after those long days of trial, and conflict, and suffering, and loveful labor, and earnest toil were ended—those days in which he was despised and rejected, and with the burden of his anguish his countenance was marred more than the sons of men—anguish for the blindness and willful depravity of those whom he came to save—when those days were ended in which he was tempted as we are and sinned not, but went forward with the work which had been given him to do till it was finished, and God was glorified upon the earth.

It is enough if the disciple be as his Lord, but not enough if professors of Christianity be unlike him; and if, when our life be ended, our life-work be found incomplete, we shall be unlike him, and from whence shall come our crown of rejoicing? If, then, we can not exclaim with the fullness of the apostle's feelings, "I have finished my course," from what shall we derive the richness of joy which is ours when we have gained the victory?

A Christian should be every day better, and stronger, and purer; better from having *studied*—not simply read—God's Word, some part of it, and prayerfully endeavored to understand it and apply it to their own needs; stronger from having acknowledged God everywhere, and spoken of him gently and lovingly to those who disregard his laws; purer from having cast aside resolutely any evil suggestion, any unclean thought, or any unholy wish which so often arise and seek a home in our hearts.

If this is done each day, when the hour of evening comes, and we kneel in the twilight, asking, "How has the day been with us?" the answer will come, "Well, and very well;" and if these little days are "well," the sum of them will be "well," for of such days and hours as these our lives are made up, and the end cometh soon.

It is related of Napoleon, that when asked the secret of his great success in life, he replied, "I always took advantage of circumstances." With every energy of the soul bent to the accomplishment of one object, every circumstance he turned with resolute hand to help him in the attainment of that object. Our object as Christians is to establish the pure and holy principles of Christ in the hearts of

men, and this being our high calling, should be kept constantly before our eye; then the varied and seemingly-trifling circumstances of our every-day life will be turned to account in furthering Christianity.

I very well know that our duties are sometimes painful, and require self-denial, and spiritual strength, and boldness, and God-given wisdom, and humility, and promptness of action and speech, and a fearlessness of the flesh, and a deep regard for God's approbation; but all of these we may possess, not by shrinking back reluctant when there is aught for us to do, but by stepping forward in the strength of God and acting. They that wait upon the Lord *shall* renew their strength, and they that trust in him shall never be confounded. Yes, there is suffering for us. One dwelling long upon the earth will not remain ignorant of that fact. But shall we not endure patiently these afflictions which are to work out for us an eternal weight of glory? And did not he whom God taught, and who saw heaven and unspeakable things, did not he *reckon* with deliberate and sure calculation that these present sufferings were not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us? Let us, then, so live every day that when the end cometh we can exclaim, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do"

WEARY.

BY AGNES H. MILNOR.

WEARY and faint, my God,
I come to thee;
O thou, who know'st the care we need
Send thine to me;
Lead by thy watchful care
The journey through,
And, though the way seem drear,
O, keep us true!

What if the tempests beat?
They lead us home
Where all the blest shall meet
Around thy throne;
And when life's work is done
Thou call'st us home,
And bidd'st our weary feet
No longer roam.

Then with that happy band
Before the throne
May we with seraphs stand,
Safe then at home,
There with our God, the light,
Ever to reign,
Where there is no more night
And no more pain!

The Children's Repository.

THE RAIN-DROP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY LUCILLA CLARK.

IT was a beautiful Spring day which called us out for a cheerful walk up the mountain and into the bright-green wood. But now the sun is near setting, and the cool air warns us to return. Clear little brooks run through the meadows, upon which blossom the red lady-slipper and white lily of the valley. Old willow-trunks, gnarled and hollow, project from the sides of the moats, and upon them climbs the bind-weed in beautiful garlands from branch to branch.

But what is floating out slowly and solemnly from behind the great-leaved alder-bushes like a gray ribbon of gauze, which an invisible hand is stretching over the meadow-land? Yonder, somewhat further to the left of the thicket of reeds, rises a mist-gray shape and waves silently nearer and nearer, and to the right, close beside us, a light vapor is curling like the delicate locks of a spirit-child, and—we are in the meanwhile in the midst of the meadow, over which the foot-path leads—a magic world seems to have received us. A hundred different shapes surround us, all of unfamiliar forms. Along the little brook the vaporous folds stretch themselves like gigantic snakes; out of the pools and moist places rise the wonderful figures, here like giants, there like a thousand merry pigmies. Now they rise strangely high, and in a few moments they roll themselves together again and vanish behind a little clump of reeds that on the other side they may mount in glistening columns. Let us look backward. Behold, also, behind us where we stood but a few minutes ago, everywhere are the wonderful shapes of vapor!

As it grows a little darker the moon, like a slender sickle, now conceals herself behind dark clouds, and now looks forth again, illuminating the old, decayed willow-trees, and if we were accustomed to being afraid, surely here were the most fitting place for it.

Till now the misty figures had remained at an agreeable distance, but gradually they approach in crowds nearer and nearer, and now a tall form stands exactly upon the path which we are following. The hazel-rod which we plucked in the wood, struck through the midst,

feels moist to our hands. A strong breath drives the shape partly backward and changes its countenance. But see! our own breath has itself become a little cloud. A million tiny vapor-drops hover about us. Who can count them?

How small and insignificant is one of these little drops, so weak and helpless it can not withstand the lightest zephyr! The motion of a gnat's wing drives it from its place, and yet when many of them unite how mighty they are!

The tiny drops of mist, which at evening by the million fashion the vaporous clouds of the meadows, and show in white folds the course of the rivers and brooks, were in the morning still water-pearls which skipped along in the little brook between the forget-me-nots and violets. But when the warm glowing sun kissed them, it became too narrow for them in the bed of the little brook. Like little magicians, they stole up invisible between the grass-blades as spirits of the meadow, and rocked themselves in the soft, warm air which was marvelously filled with fragrance and bird-song.

But the sun sank, and the air became cooler. The invisible water-drops put on their evening dress, their spider-web colored mist-mantle. So have they in one day changed their dress three different times. Many of them seat themselves again upon the green, spicy leaves of the peppermint, others upon the slender rushes; some upon the buds of the buttercup, and others on the white disk of the coltsfoot. They turn again to drops, and men call them evening dew, but beetles, gnats, little flowers, and shrubs think they are their evening bread.

The most, however, of the vapors hold solemn procession over the marshy meadow-land and the bottomless bogs. Silently they gather over the young-growing cotton-grass and the glistening leaves of the sun-dew. The timid wanderer calls them the "Erl-King," and sees in their wonderful forms the lovely daughter of the dreaded ruler of the marsh. They entice and lure away the thoughtless. Easily he steps from the narrow, faintly-traced foot-path into the bottomless morass. In vain he calls for help; far and wide there is no man who can hasten to aid him—far and wide no dwelling. Will-o'-the-wisps emerge from the marsh and dance fantastically about him, teasing him into the deceitful mists. Bats, chasing the gnats and moths, whirl by him, and from the alder-bushes a hungry owl screeches a doleful song. The next morning the country-people find the body of the wanderer. The mists have led him away and killed him.

But the night passes. The fresh morning

wind rolls together the mist-covering of the meadows and marshes and drives it, torn into folds, ribbons, and vails, crisped feathers and massive balls, high into the air. The beams of the rising sun are mirrored in the countless drops of the vapor which now fashioned many different clouds in the blue heaven. In purple-red hangings, like the tapestry of the throne of a mighty king, they adorn the endless vault. In a clear flame-glow gush forth among them a hundred other little clouds, and as many more stream like fluid gold with the most dazzling luster around the ascending queen of light. So insignificant and colorless was a single water-drop upon the meadow, so gray and dusky their whole host lay there, so glorious and transporting they seem in the splendor of the sun, where each one of the tiny drops reflects the light in its own separate way.

Higher and higher rises the mighty sovereign of the day, and in an ever-thickening mass the clouds wrap themselves together. The splendor of their color is lost. Darker and darker they grow, till at last they look black and gloomy, whitened only on their edges, like giant mountain-ranges whose summits are crowned with snow. The farmer turns his horses with the plow homeward, while the pleasure-growers seek in haste a sheltering roof. An ominous stillness rests on the field. The flowers hang languid and withered, the leaves are drooping and thirsty, in distress the singing birds seek a safe retreat, and the swallows circle in manifold evolutions around the black, threatening clouds. And why? All seem to feel the might that is gathered in the massing of the mists over their heads. They are afraid of the little drops of vapor. Each one of the million little creatures of the mist is armed with strength which, through the awakening sunbeams, gradually increases. Electricity, men call this force of the clouds which slumbers in each smallest water-drop, but which once awakened increases to a frightful power. Now, each one of these tiny drops gives off a little of its strength, and a fatal flash leaps out of the cloud-coil, a crashing thunder-clap roars over the landscape. Men look affrighted out of their windows to see if any where a tower or house is demolished or a tree is kindled by the fire of the clouds. At the same time many of the little vaporous drops unite, and a refreshing rain trickles down upon the land. Woods and fields, quickened by the heavenly gift, grow green and luxuriant with blossoms and fruits. The birds sing more joyously than before, thousands of insects live anew, and

man himself breathes more freely and cheerfully.

Sometimes, indeed, the little drops in the black clouds rush down so suddenly and in so great a multitude that they overflow the streams, tear away bridges, uproot trees, destroy gardens and fields, and even sweep away houses, so that a second flood seems to have been brought in upon the land. But seldom do the rain-drops show their power in such destructive ways, and God has taught men how, by a simple iron rod, the lightning conductor, to turn aside the electric fire of the thunder-cloud harmless from their dwellings. The drops generally sink down gently to the earth, refreshing it and bringing new life, and in the wide-spread, cloudy canopy the rain-pearls sparkle in the rays of the sun, and a beautiful bow bends over the land as a token of peace and of the Divine, fatherly love, and teaches men that all the countless water-drops in the brooks and rivers, in the clouds of vapor and showers of rain, do His will.

KATIE'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

LITTLE KATE KENNEDY started from sleep at the sound of the heavy stamping of feet in the entry below her, and turned her head upon her pillow, and rubbed her eyes wide open, and wondered what her father made such a noise for right in the house. Then she remembered that her mother came in from one of the neighbors the night before with her hood as white as wool with snow, and it must be that it had stormed all night. The bedroom was so small that Katie's bed stood right before the only window, and she raised her head to look down into the yard, but the panes were covered with frost-painting, some like forests of pines towering up into the sky, and others old castles, and ravines, and cascades of water, and Katie even imagined that she found a goat or two just ready to bound over a rock down a precipice, and so absorbed did she become that she forgot all about the snow till her father passed out of the door and began to shovel away at the door-step. Then she wet the end of her finger in her mouth and rubbed it on one of the beautiful pictures, and her finger stuck so fast that she could hardly pull it off. It left a little clear spot, and she could peep out, and found that not a picket of the garden fence was to be seen, and that the snow lay broad and smooth without a wrinkle over

the ground like a large white bed-spread. Kate lay back upon her pillow and tucked her hands under the warm blankets, and began to try to find a little girl all dressed in white on the window-glass, when her mother came to the chamber door and called, "Katie! Katie!" in a tone that she knew she must obey immediately. It was chilly work hunting for her stockings on the bare floor and fastening the button-holes that seemed frozen too stiff to stay together; but at last, with her shoes in her hand and apron thrown over her arm, and teeth chattering with the cold, she came into the dining-room.

As soon as Kate had tied up her shoes she sought the front window and looked out. Her father was busy shoveling a walk out to the gate, and the snow stood three feet high on each of the sides of the path, which were cut down straight and smooth to the ground. All the small bushes were under the smooth mantle, and the trees looked very short, the trunk of even the tallest maple but a few feet to the branches. Every thing seemed clean and pure, but dreary and cold, and Kate went back to the stove and held her hand to the bright blaze, and then to the breakfast-table and ate the smoking potatoes and hot cakes that her mother had cooked on purpose for the cold morning, and at last began to talk, and wonder, and fret how she could get to school.

"But, Kate, the snow is over your head in places," expostulated Mrs. Kennedy. "I am afraid it will be days before the roads are broken. You must try to be contented and knit on your pretty stocking."

"But I am at the head of the class, and I have not missed a day this Winter," and the little girl almost cried as she thought it all over.

"You need not worry, Kate, for there will not be a scholar there except Jimmy Brown, and he has to go to make the fires. Every body will sit by the stove to-day," and just here, as if to falsify her words, there came a faint tinkling of sleigh-bells on the air.

"Who can it be?" and Mr. Kennedy as he asked the question came to the front window, while little Kate ran before him and laid her forehead against the lowest pane and glanced eagerly out. "It is our new neighbor, Mr. Benton, with a span of horses, and his sleigh is half full of children. What does it mean?" and before any satisfactory answer could be given the driver reined up to the gate and a loud "halloo" brought the owner of the house to the door.

"Good morning, neighbor. Any scholars

here for school? I will bring them back at night," and then the children's voices in the sleigh rose higher and higher, mixed in with laughter, till one could not have heard another word if he had tried.

"O, mother, do let me go," and Kate's eyes pleaded as beseechingly as her words as she caught hold of her mother's dress. "You know I never had a sleigh-ride in my life."

"Well, hurry, child, and pick up your books while I pack some dinner. Do, father, pin her shawl close, for it is dreadful cold," and while the kind mother heaped a basket from the surplus of their breakfast Mr. Kennedy wrapped her up with a shawl and comforter and carried her out to the sleigh.

"Room right here, neighbor," and Kate found herself stowed on a lot of straw on the bottom of the sleigh-box beside Mr. Benton, and Helen Sparks, her dearest playmate, close to her feet. "I thought it was too bad for all these scholars to stay at home for such a snow as this—you need not smile, Mr. Kennedy; if you could only see the drifts up in Vermont—and so I harnessed up and took teacher and children in. Good morning," and he turned the horses' heads toward the road, and the tinkle of the sleigh-bells and the silvery chime of a dozen little tongues wild with glee made sweet music for the kind-hearted driver's ears.

It was a day of days for Kate, first riding to school in a sleigh behind sleigh-bells and carrying her dinner, then, as the roads were a little more broken at night, Mr. Benton took them the longest way home, besides taking the nearest scholars to the most distant homes, then back again, and telling them anecdotes, and talking and enjoying himself with them, and quite winning the hearts of the whole load. Kate ran up the broad, shoveled path to the house when she reached home, and before she could unpin her shawl or take off her mittens she began to tell her mother about her ride, and what a good time she had playing all the noon, and then going all around the village after the bells, and hearing Mr. Benton tell stories about the snow-storms in Vermont, where sometimes he would wake up in the morning and find a huge drift curtaining his chamber window, and how the men would have to turn out with oxen, and horses, and shovels and break a road to Church, and the mill, and school-house. She thought he was the kindest man. He took some of the smallest scholars where there was no good path and carried them clear to the door-steps of their homes, and she ended by hoping there would

be two dozen more snow-storms before Spring. Mr. Kennedy sat still listening to his little girl's talk happy in her pleasure, for she was the pet and idol of his heart, yet feeling a little self-condemned all the while at his former judgment of his neighbor, as he had thought him proud and possibly aristocratic, with his strict, Sabbath-keeping ways and total abstinence from all their village sports of raffling, shooting, and ball-playing, generally ending with a supper given at the hotel at the expense of the defeated party. To tell the truth, Hollowdale, the village that Mr. Kennedy lived in, was not a very good place. Once in a while some zealous preacher would come and sermonize to them now and then on a Sunday, or a young man from a university a few miles distant would start a Sabbath school, but both would die out after a month or two of effort, and the village would go on its old way, the people visiting on the Lord's day, the children playing and quarreling in the streets, or swimming, boating, or skating on the river.

Mr. Benton had been pained from the first; but how to begin, he a stranger, for so far the people had rather shunned him, and succeed was a problem that he had not been able to solve. He had thought over it hour after hour, and offered many a petition for wisdom, till at last, after a very earnest prayer, it almost seemed to him that a voice said, "Watch for opportunities; win the hearts of the children, the love of the parents will soon follow." The snow-storm brought the first opportunity, though he did not think of it at the time, and only carried the scholars to school out of pure kindness of heart. It required some self-denial to turn out and harness the horses in the cold and team around over unbroken roads when a bright fire blazed for him at home, and a new unread book lay temptingly before him upon the table; but after it was all over the bright, happy glances and kind "thank you" of many a voice made his heart so light that the way seemed brighter and more hopeful than it had before him.

When Spring opened Mr. Benton had gained confidence enough in his power of love in the children and friendship of the parents to propose to teach the girls and boys of the village an hour on each Sabbath out of the Bible. Mr. Kennedy was rather opposed to the plan, but Katie's sunny hair had been stroked too many times by Mr. Benton's hand and too many pleasant words had been said as they met in the street for her willingly to forego the pleasure of becoming his pupil. A slow consent at last was gained, and the delighted

child in her best clothes, with part of a Bible that had been her grandmother's, started for the school-house. There were ten girls and three small boys at the place of meeting when Kate reached there, and she sought a seat near the desk as possible and turned her bright eyes upon Mr. Benton and eagerly listened to his every word.

Nature had made Mr. Benton a rare speaker, and practice as a teacher for many years had improved the gift, and then he had this great advantage without which it is so difficult to establish a school—he had plenty of means to purchase books, and thus did not discourage the parents at the onset by begging money for a library. He opened by prayer, and sung a hymn, and read a chapter about Joseph, and then in simple language told the story of his captivity, explained some of the Egyptians' customs and their manner of life, and ended by giving out the number of verses to be committed to memory and an appointment to meet the next Sabbath at the same hour.

Kate went home with a bright blue-covered book full of pictures, and Mr. Kennedy lifted her to his knee and pronounced the long words as she slowly read the sentences, and for the first time perhaps for years the Sabbath hours of the afternoon were spent by him at his own fireside. Then Kate opened her Bible and read over the few verses given her to commit to memory, and repeated them again and again to her father line by line till she could rehearse them perfectly, and thus they became good seed sown in his heart that perhaps some favorable hour might cause to spring up and bud, and blossom, and bear fruit for eternity.

Kate was a constant attendant every Sabbath through the Summer, and as at first her book was read upon her father's knee, and verses committed to memory aloud, and when the Fall rains and early Winter's sleet made the roads slippery and bad, Mr. Kennedy led his little girl to the school-house every Sabbath and waited through the recitations apparently as interested as the smallest scholar in Mr. Benton's words. The school prospered and grew year after year, and Kate was one of the first of many to give her heart to her Savior.

A BOY, the other day, borrowed a stick of candy from a comrade to show him how he could pull it out of his ear. He swallowed it, then twisted himself about to extract it, but at length informed him that he had forgotten that part of the trick. Bad boy.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

The Family Circle.

CHILDREN GOING HOME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." Mark x, 14.

THEY are going—only going—
Jesus called them long ago;
All the Winter-time they're passing
Softly as the fallen snow.
When the violets in the Spring-time
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

THEY are going—only going—
When the Summer earth is dressed,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast;
When the Autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going—
Thick and fast like falling leaves.

All along the mighty ages,
All adown the solemn time,
They have taken up their homeward
March to that serenest clime,
Where the watching, waiting angels
Lead them from the shadow dim
To the brightness of his presence
Who has called them unto him.

THEY are going—only going—
Out of pain and into bliss,
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them;
Bright eyes—tears shall never dim;
Rosy lips—no time shall shade them,
Jesus called them unto him.

Little hearts forever stainless,
Little hands as pure as they,
Little feet by angels guided
Never a forbidden way.
THEY are going—ever going—
Leaving many a lonely spot;
But 't is Jesus who has called them,
Suffer and forbid them not.

A WORD TO YOUNG LADIES.—We wish to say a word to you, young ladies, about your influence over young men. Did you ever think of it? Did you ever realize that you could have an influence at all over them? We believe that a young lady by her constant, consistent, Christian example may exert an untold power. You do not know the respect and almost worship which young men, no matter how wicked they may be themselves, pay to a consistent Christian lady, be she young or old.

A gentleman once said to a lady who boarded in the same house with him that her life was a constant proof of the Christian religion. Often the simplest

request of a lady will keep a young man from doing wrong. We have known this to be the case very frequently; and young men have been kept from breaking the Sabbath, from drinking, from chewing, just because a lady whom they respected, and for whom they had an affection, requested it. A tract given, an invitation to go to Church, a request that your friend would read the Bible daily, will often be regarded when a more powerful appeal from other sources would fall unheeded upon his heart. Many of the gentlemen whom you meet in society are away from the influence of parents and sisters, and they will respond to any interest taken in their welfare. We all speak of a young man's danger from evil associates, and the very bad influence which his dissipated gentleman associates have over him. We believe it is all true that a gentleman's character is formed to a great extent by the ladies that he associates with before he becomes a complete man of the world. We think, in other words, that a young man is pretty much what his sisters and young lady friends choose to make him.

We knew a family where the sisters encouraged their younger brothers to smoke, thinking it was manly, and to mingle with gay, dissipated fellows because they thought it "smart;" and they did mingle with them body and soul, and abused the same sisters shamefully. The influence began further back than with their gentleman companions. It began with their sisters, and was carried on through the forming years of their characters. On the other hand, if sisters are watchful and affectionate they may in various ways—by entering into any little plan with interest, by introducing their younger brothers into good ladies' society—lead them along till their character is formed, and then a high-toned respect for ladies, and a manly self-respect will keep them from mingling with low society. If a young man sees that the religion which in youth he was taught to venerate is lightly thought of, and perhaps sneered at, by the young ladies with whom he associates, we can hardly expect him to think that it is the thing for him. Let none say that they have no influence at all. This is not possible. You can not live without having some sort of influence, any more than you can live without breathing. One thing is just as unavoidable as the other. Beware, then, what kind of influence it is that you are constantly exerting. An invitation to take a glass of wine or to play a game of cards may kindle the fires of intemperance or gambling which will burn forever. A jest given at the expense of religion, a light, trifling manner in the house of God, or any of the numerous

ways in which you may show your disregard for the souls of others may be the means of ruining many for time and eternity.—*Home Journal*.

TRAINING CHILDREN.—Whatever you wish your child to be be yourself. If you wish it to be happy, healthy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, and a liar and a thief, and a drunkard and a swearer, be yourself these. You remember who said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." And you may, as a general rule, as soon expect to gather grapes from thorns and figs from thistles as to get good, healthy, happy children from diseased, and lazy, and wicked parents.

Be always frank and open with your children. Make them trust you and tell you all their secrets. Make them feel at ease with you, and make free with them. There is no such good plaything for grown-up children, like you and me, as "weans"—wee ones. It is wonderful what you can get them to do with a little coaxing and fun. You all know this as well as I do, and will practice it every day in your own families. Here is a pleasant little story out of an old book: "A gentleman, having led a company of children beyond their usual journey, they began to get weary, and all cried to him to carry them on his back, but because of their multitude he could not do this. 'But,' says he, 'I'll get horses for us all,' then cutting little wands out of the hedges as ponies for them, and a great stake as a charger for himself, this put mettle in their legs, and they rode cheerily home." So much for a bit of ingenious fun.—*Dr. John Brown's Essay on Health*.

WASTE AND WANT.—Mrs. Haskell, in her "Household Encyclopedia," enumerates a long list of small household leaks, which we commend to the careful attention of every housekeeper: Much waste is experienced in the boiling, etc., of meats. Unless watched, the cook will throw out the water without letting it cool to take off the fat or scrape the dripping pan into the swill-pail. The grease is useful in many ways. It can be burned in lamps, mixed with lard, or, when no pork has been boiled with it, made into candles. When pork has been boiled alone it will do to fry cakes, if cleansed. Again, bits of meat are thrown out which would make hashed meat or hash. The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, or the bread-pan left with the dough sticking to it. Pie-crust is left and laid by to sour instead of making a few tarts for tea. Cake batter is thrown out because but little is left.

Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when oftentimes they can be steamed for the next day, or, as in the case of rice, made over in other forms. Vegetables are thrown away that would warm for breakfast nicely. Dish-cloths are thrown where mice can destroy them. Soap is left in water to dissolve, or more used than is necessary. If Bath-brick, whiting, rotten-stone, etc., are used, much is wasted uselessly. The scrub-brush is left in water, pails scorched by the stove, tubs and barrels left in the sun to dry and fall apart, chamber-pails allowed to rust, tins not dried, and iron-ware rusted; nice knives used for cooking in

the kitchen; silver spoons used to scrape kettles, or forks to toast bread. Rinsing of sweetmeats and skimmings of sirup, which make good vinegar, are thrown out; cream is allowed to mold and spoil, mustard to dry in the pot, and vinegar to corrode the castor; tea, roasted coffee, pepper, and spices to stand open and lose their strength.

The molasses jug loses the cork and the flies take possession. Sweetmeats are opened and forgotten. Vinegar is drawn in a basin and allowed to stand till both basin and vinegar are spoiled. Sugar is spilled from the barrel, coffee from the sack, and tea from the chest. Different sauces are made too sweet and both sauce and sugar wasted. Dried fruits have not been taken care of in season and become wormy. The vinegar on pickles loses its strength or leaks out, and the pickles become soft. Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed till they become worthless. Apples decay for want of looking over. Pork spoils for want of salt, and the beef because the brine wants scalding. Hams become tainted or filled with vermin for want of the right protection. Dried beef becomes so hard it can not be cut; cheese molds, and it is eaten by mice or vermin; lard is not well tried in the Fall, and becomes tainted; butter spoils for want of being well made at first.

Bones are burned that would make soup; ashes are thrown out carelessly, endangering the premises and being wasted. Servants leave a light burning in the kitchen when they are all out of an evening. Clothes are whipped to pieces in the wind, fine cambrics rubbed on the board, and laces torn in starching. Brooms are never hung up, and good ones are spoiled. Carpets are swept with stubs hardly fit to scrub the kitchen, and good, new brooms used for scrubbing. Towels are used in place of holders, and good sheets to iron on, taking a fresh one every week, thus scorching nearly all in the house. Fluid, if used, is left uncorked, endangering the house and wasting the alcohol. Caps are left from lamps, rendering the fluid worthless by evaporation. Table linen is thrown carelessly down and eaten by mice, or put away damp and is mildewed, or the fruit-stains are forgotten and the stains washed in.

Table-cloths and napkins are used as dish-wipers; mats forgotten to be put under hot dishes; tea pots melted by the stove; water forgotten in pitchers and allowed to freeze in Winter; slops for cow and pigs never saved; china used to feed cats and dogs on, and in many other ways a careless and inexperienced housekeeper will waste without heeding the hard-earned wages of her husband, when she really thinks, because she buys no fine clothes, makes the old ones last, and cooks plainly, she is a most superior housekeeper.

OUR HOMES.—Parents should understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and adorn the house and the ground around it, they are in effect paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in fine clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention and make the most display.

WITTY AND WISE.

GOOD JOKE ON SHERMAN.—While marching through Georgia General Sherman traveled with the left wing under General Slocum. After a long and wearisome march, he one day crossed over to the right wing under General Howard. While in General Howard's tent, which had just been pitched, the Medical Director came in, well acquainted with the habits and customs of both. General Sherman sometimes took a "glass," while General Howard was strongly opposed to the indulgence. Knowing this, the medical gentleman, after a short time, wishing to serve his chief without offense to Howard, said, "General Sherman, you look weary and ill. If you will come over to my tent I will give you a Seidlitz powder, which I think will do you good."

"Thank you," readily responded "Tecumseh," "I think I will."

The man of physic departed, and General Howard, who took every thing literally, ran to his valise and got a powder, which he mixed and handed to Sherman.

"There is no need to go away for one, if that is what you want," he said, and Sherman, inwardly chagrined, but highly amused, drank the cup manfully, to the mirth of several bystanders, who comprehended the whole magnitude of the joke at a glance.

A PHILOSOPHIC NEGRO.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, traveling in Georgia, came across an aged negro called "Old Ben," of whom he gives this incident:

Old Ben brought us a watermelon, and while we were eating, the old chattel startled its master by a sudden aggressive movement of its intellectual machinery.

"Massa William"—addressing his master—"da 's one ting, if the slaves gwine to be free, what 's gwine to become o' de ole folks?"

"What do you think should be done, Ben?" said I, interposingly.

"I tink you, Massa William, ought to take care o' 'em."

"But," said his master, "why should I do that when you are free?"

"'Cause I done worked for you, massa, all my life. You got my labor; when I can't work no more you have got to take keer o' me."

"Well, but that labor of yours, Ben, I have n't got now; it's all spent if the slaves are freed."

"Can't help dat, massa, dat not my business. You has had de work; I haint had it. Now, what am I gwine to do if you do n't take keer of me? Ef I'd been allowed to keep my own labor I would now hab enough." Dat 's so, massa."

"Well, but suppose I have not any thing to support you with, Ben?"

"You got de land, massa. You jis gib me de use ob a little patch o' land, I take keer of myself; you need n't feed me."

RATHER SHARP.—Two Indian chiefs were at a table; one of them seeing other guests take mustard with their roast beef, helped himself to a spoonful and swallowed the whole at a dose. Too stoical to com-

plain, he preserved imperturbable serenity of muscle, involuntary tears only marking his internal agony.

"Why do you weep?" inquired the brother chief.

"Thinking of my father's death," was the reply.

Presently the other who had seen his fellow taste the mustard helped himself and swallowed the fiery portion. Tears streamed amain.

"And why those signs of sorrow?" inquired the first.

"I was sorrowing," replied the other, "that you had not been buried with your father."

The fact was, that to the Indians as to the fly, the mustard was a complete take in.

A UNIVERSALIST asked Rev. Mr. W. "if God was willing all men should be saved?"

Mr. W. replied, "Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?"

The man answered, "Yes."

"Do all men live thus?"

After a little hesitancy he answered, "No."

"According to your own reasoning the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully, God is as willing all men should be saved as he is that all men should live virtuously; but if you mean by will a determination, then I would say God has not determined that all men should maintain good and moral lives, for if he had they would; nor has he determined to save all; if he had, all would be saved."

A CURT ANSWER.—Some years ago an old sign painter, who was very cross and gruff, and a little deaf, was engaged to paint the Ten Commandments on some tablets in a church not five miles from Buffalo. He worked two days at it, and at the end of the second day the pastor of the church came to see how the work progressed. The old man stood by smoking a short pipe as the reverend gentleman ran his eyes over the tablets.

"Eh!" said the pastor as his familiar eye detected something wrong in the wording of the precepts; "why, you careless old person, you have left a part of one of the commandments entirely out; do n't you see?"

"No such thing," said the old man, putting on his spectacles; "no, nothing left out—where?"

"Why, there," persisted the pastor, "look at them in the Bible; you have left some of the commandments out."

"Well, what if I have?" said old Obstinacy, as he ran his eyes complacently over his work; "what if I have? There's more there now than you'll keep."

Another and a more correct artist was employed the next day.

CONTINUING THE BUSINESS.—Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth a man met a farmer of the neighborhood and said to him, "You have had a great loss."

"What loss?"

"Why, you have lost the great poet."

"O, ay," said the farmer, "he is dead; but then no doubt his wife'll carry on the business and make it as profitable as iver it was."

BIBLICAL SATIRE.

THE AGREEMENT OF SCIENCE WITH REVELATION.—
*"As for the earth out of it cometh bread; and under it
 is turned up as it were fire."* Job xxviii, 5.

*"He stretcheth out the north over the empty place, and
 hangeth the earth upon nothing."* Job xxvi, 7.

There can never be more than an apparent disagreement between science and revelation, and that ever from ignorance. A more thorough knowledge would show the most perfect agreement, a unity of design which could only result from the working of one plan, infinite in perfections. Science will then become, as she was designed to be, the handmaid of religion, and he who looks deepest into the laws which govern the material world while he accepts God's revealed will, will adore him most. So far is this practically true, that there is not a thoroughly-scientific man in the country who is an atheist.

"The undevout astronomer is mad," but "the Christian sees God in every thing, and every thing in God."

The idea that the interior of the earth is a molten mass, was scouted generally when first advanced, but by reference to the Bible we find that the knowledge is as old as the days of Job. Galileo, because of the superstition and ignorance of his time, suffered death for persisting in the declaration that the earth moved. Job declares that it is hung "upon nothing." How much more reasonable then that it should move than that the whole universe should revolve about it. By searching we may not find out God, but we shall not say with the fool that there is no God. M. K.

GOD'S JEALOUSY.—*"For I the Lord thy God am a jealous God."* Ex. xx, 5.

God has called himself a jealous God to show his infinite love toward us. To enable us to comprehend something of this love, he compares himself to us, even to having like passions. He could not have commended his love more strongly, for of whom are we jealous but of those we love? He so cares for our love and reverence that he will not share them with his creatures. The only offering that he will accept is the whole heart, the undivided affections. In such a heart he deigns to dwell, but his glory he will not give to another. M. K.

THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD.—*"O taste and see that the Lord is good."* Psa. xxxiv, 2.

That is the right way to find out that he is good. We may think he is good, we may have some idea that he is so—but to know it, and to know how very good the Lord is, we must taste his goodness. He alone is good—he is goodness itself; and because he is this, he wants us to taste, to enjoy him. O how good does it taste, if only we know that a human being intends our good; when in sickness, in distress, in poverty, and in oppression, we experience the goodness, the kindness, and love of any of our fellow-beings. But this is only to have a foretaste of the goodness of the Lord, for, though we often receive it at the hands of his angels in human form, it is only the goodness which he has

put into their hearts toward us. "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." "The angel of the Lord encompasseth round about them that fear him." Good men and women, and good children, will one day be like the angels in heaven; and they begin to be such already in this world. If it were not for them, if they were not here to be the bearers of peace and happiness, the ministers of mercy and of love, to wretchedness and woe, to the weary and the bowed down, how wretched would this world be! A thousand blessings upon them, who, from the goodness of their hearts, endeavor to do good to others. It is through them that we taste and see how good the Lord is; for it is his goodness which manifests itself in them, and that flows through them to us; and another thousand blessings on such, who, while they are doing us good, have the tact and good sense to make us see and feel that it really comes not from them, but through them from God.

THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.—*"And it came to pass about an eight days after these sayings, he took Peter and John and James, and went up into a mountain to pray. And as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening."* Luke ix, 28, 29.

Mr. Macduff, in his "Prophet of Fire," gives the following opinion in regard to the scene of the Transfiguration:

The traditional locality of the Transfiguration, which, as early as the sixth century, was assigned to Tabor, is now abandoned by all modern writers. That it was ever selected seems to have arisen from the one fact, or rather misconception, that this mountain answered apparently better to the description of the evangelist Mark, "a high mountain apart." When, however, the passage in the Gospel comes to be narrowly examined, the word "apart" is found really to refer, not to the position of the mountain, but to that of the disciples.

Besides, the objections to Tabor are in other respects insuperable. It is shown by the most learned of Biblical travelers, that a fortified tower must, at this very period of our Lord's life and ministry, have occupied the summit of the hill, the ruins of which are yet remaining.

More than this, the chronological order of the narrative gives to the old reputed site a strong improbability. Harmonizing the evangelistic narrative, it will be found that the Redeemer had just been sojourning with his disciples in the region round Caesarea Philippi, the extreme north of Palestine. It is far from probable that during the intervening six days he would take the long journey of fifty miles, to the foot of Mount Tabor, on the confines of Zebulun and Naphtali. It is much more likely that he would select one of the spurs or ridges of snow-covered Hermon as a meet high altar for this scene of "excellent glory." The expression in the original of St. Luke is, "He

went up into the mountain." As he was at that time under the shadow of this great giant, the solitary Alp of Northern Palestine, no mountain could so well answer the distinctive epithet applied by the evangelist.

"It is impossible," says Dr. Stanley, "to look up from the plain to the towering peaks of Hermon, almost the only mountain which deserves the name in Palestine, and one of whose ancient titles was derived from this circumstance, and not be struck with its appropriateness to the scene. That magnificent height, mingling with all the views of the north, from Shechem upward, though often alluded to as the northern barrier of the Holy Land, is connected with no historical event in the Old or New Testament. Yet the fact of its rising high above all the hills of Palestine, and of its setting the last limits to the wanderings of Him who was sent only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, falls in with the supposition which these words inevitably force on us. High up on its many slopes there must be many a point where the disciples could be taken 'apart by themselves.' Even the transient comparison of the celestial splendor with the snow where alone it could be seen in Palestine, should not perhaps be wholly overlooked."

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.—"*Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ.*" Phil. i, 27.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering—we might account for the failure, and reckon it small dishonor to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Siloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not the waters of torrent noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gayety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper or crossness or selfishness or vanity; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up at least the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and looks, and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tendernesses; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulness; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality, and method, and true aim, in the ordering of each day—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and divine mosaics of which it is composed.

What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak of the stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—*Dr. Bonar.*

HIGHER SPIRITUAL LIFE.—"*Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.*" Jeremiah xxxiii, 3.

The saints may expect to discover deeper experience and to know more of the higher spiritual life, by being much in prayer. There are different translations of my text. One version renders it, "I will show thee great and fortified things which thou knowest not." Another reads it, "Great and reserved things which thou knowest not." Now, all the developments of spiritual life are not alike easy of attainment. There are the common frames and feelings of repentance, and faith, and joy, and hope which are enjoyed by the entire family; but there is an upper realm of rapture, of communion and conscious union with Christ, which is far from being the common dwelling-place of believers. All believers see Christ, but all believers do not put their fingers into the prints of the nails, nor thrust their hand into his side. We have not all the high privilege of John to lean upon Jesus' bosom, nor of Paul, to be caught up into the third heaven. In the ark of salvation we find a lower, second, and third story; all are in the ark, but all are not in the same story. Most Christians, as to the river of experience, are only up to the ankles; some others have waded till the stream is up to the knees, a few find it breast high; and but few—O, how few! find it a river to swim in, the bottom of which they can not touch. Prevailing prayer takes the Christian to Carmel, and enables him to cover heaven with clouds of blessing, and the earth with floods of mercy. Prevailing prayer takes the Christian aloft to Pisgah and shows him the inheritance reserved; ay, and it elevates him to Tabor and transfigures him, till in the likeness of his Lord, as he is, are we also in this world. If you would reach to something higher than ordinary groveling experience, look to the Rock that is higher than you, and look with the eye of faith through the windows of importunate prayer. To grow up in experience, then, there must be much prayer.—*Spurgeon.*

STRONG IN THE LORD.—"*Be strong, and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them: for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*" Deut. xxxi, 6.

Some of the Indian chiefs having become the open enemies of the Gospel, Mr. Eliot, sometimes called the Apostle of the American Indians, when in the wilderness, without the company of any other Englishman, was, at various times, treated in a threatening and barbarous manner by some of those men; yet his Almighty Protector inspired him with such resolution, that he said, "I am about the work of the great God, and my God is with me; so that I fear neither you, nor all the sachems—or chiefs—in the country. I will go on, and do you touch me if you dare." They heard him and shrunk away.

Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

THE PARSEES.—This sect, commonly known as the Fire-Worshippers, which at one time, under the ancient Persian Empire of Darius and Cyrus, and again, from the third to the seventh century, of the Christian era, threatened to establish itself upon the ruins of all other religions, is now reduced to an insignificant people of 105,500, or .01 per cent. of the whole population of the whole globe. The world owes to the Arabs the final extinction of the terror which the followers of Zoroaster, for so many centuries, inspired in the minds of Christians in Europe and Asia.

Besides their great leading principle of faith—the worship of Deity through the sun, his principal representative, and descending still lower, through fire, an inferior representative—they have several other peculiar principles and practices by which they are distinguished from the rest of the world. The purification of the Nirang, a ceremony which would convey to our minds an idea the very opposite of purification, is the chief of these. Sixteen prayers a day, besides those which may be necessary on extraordinary occasions, are obligatory upon every Parsee; and the most extraordinary feature of the prayer is, that neither the populace nor the priests understand a word of the language in which they are said. They refuse all food cooked by a person of another religion, and reject beef and pork. They have a hereditary priesthood.

Notwithstanding their declining condition and isolation, we find the religion of Ormuzd yielding, in its own temples, to the progressive spirit of the age. The sect is now divided into two parties, the conservatives and radicals. The conservatives are for adhering strictly to the letter of the precepts of the Zendavesta and other sacred books, and for keeping up the old traditions, with the accompanying customs; while the liberals are for yielding to the spirit of the age in every thing contrary to the modern notions of right and propriety, which is not especially enjoined in the sacred books, and especially of doing away with the purification of the Nirang.

On these questions an exciting controversy is now going on, the result of which can not fail to be to the advantage of truth and enlightenment.

THE CHRISTIAN PROFESSION OF AMERICAN STATESMEN.—It is a peculiar feature of American institutions that very few of its active statesmen make a profession of personal Christian faith, while, nevertheless, a large number of them are in heart and life possessors of its powers and its hopes. In the monarchical countries of Europe, England not excepted, every officer of the government is expected to be a subscriber to the national creed, if not a communicant in the established Church. The American idea is, independent thought and responsibility in matters of simple religious duty. Very few statesmen, assured that to make a profession of religion is to devote one's self to a life in accordance with Christ's requirements, think it honest or consistent to avow themselves "followers" of Christ. Hence

an unusual number make a profession of religion in advanced life; led to its vows by the ripened convictions of mature years. The cases of General Jackson, Henry Clay, and others of like spirit, will be remembered.

Our attention has been called to this peculiar sanctity attached by such men to the Christian profession, in reading the notice given in several religious journals of the baptism of the Hon. Amos Kendall, for nearly twenty years an attendant, with his family, of the E Street Baptist Church in Washington City.

In his statement of his religious experience Hon. Amos Kendall is said to have remarked, "Though for many years I have endeavored to live the life of an upright man, I have felt that my life was a standing opposition to Christianity."

Another important religious character of American statesmen is observed in the fact that so large a number of our able statesmen seem drawn, as if by religious convictions, to select as companions for life women of eminent piety. Those familiar with the eminent men gathered at Washington under several late Executive Administrations, will naturally recall many instances illustrating this statement. The announcement of the death of Mrs. Dodge, wife of Hon. Henry Dodge, former Governor of, and afterward Senator from Wisconsin, is an example of this truth.

It will be an evil day indeed for our nation when Christian principle ceases to be the possession, though it be not the profession, of our men in high places of trust. That respect for Christian institutions which has always marked the leading minds so prominent in all our history as a people, from Washington's day down, is the main pillar of support on which rests the security of our civil institutions.

NEW AND POWERFUL MICROSCOPE.—A foreign journal says: It is not many months since one of the most eminent of living microscopists expressed his conviction that in the production of object-glasses, with a one-twenty-fifth of an inch focus, the microscope had reached its utmost attainable limit of perfection. He added, that "it appears impossible to separate or define lines more numerous than ninety thousand in an inch, on account either of the decomposition of light, or some other cause. It, therefore, seems beyond our power ever to discover more of the ultimate composition of bodies by means of the microscope." It is always foolish to use such "thus far and no farther" language in reference to any department of scientific research; but it is not often that its fallaciousness has been demonstrated within so short a period as in the present case. The above extract is taken from a journal, dated December 10, 1864; and yet already the one thing which microscopists are now talking about is an object-glass with one-fiftieth of an inch focus, recently made by Messrs. Powell & Leland, which was described to the Royal Societies by Dr. Lionel Beale the other day, and was exhibited at the annual *conversazione* of

that Society a short time since. This object-glass possesses double the power of the one which we were so lately told, and by so great an authority, was the most powerful we must ever expect to possess, and defines with wonderful distinctness, particles which the latter can not render visible at all. It magnifies three thousand diameters, with the low eye-piece, fifteen thousand diameters—that is to say, in popular parlance, one thousand and five hundred millions of times! It must immensely increase our knowledge of the lower organisms, and even aid our researches into the ultimate constitution of matter. And who shall say that even its powers may not be exceeded in time?

THE SCRIPTURES AND CHRISTIANITY.—The following curious and interesting items are furnished by Miss Virginia Penny, from whose pen we have had several valuable articles:

"The giving of the Scriptures occupied 1,500 years. The division of the Scriptures into chapters and verses is said to have originated with Cardinal Langton in the commencement of the thirteenth century. The Bible is composed of sixty-six books. Those that have turned their attention to the subject assert that more than five hundred Bible prophecies have been fulfilled. The Bible is translated into two hundred languages. One hundred and sixty of these translations have been made during the last fifty years. Fifty have been made by American instrumentality. There are seventy Bible societies in existence. There are 3,000 missionaries. During the first half of the present century 1,200 American women went out as missionaries. There are supposed to be 50,000,000 Bibles published in the world—over 4,000,000 published in the United States. The number of nominal Christians is stated to be 200,000,000, of which it is thought only 1-30 are real Christians. 800,000,000 of the 1,000,000,000 human beings extant are ignorant of the plan of salvation.

"More beings die in a week than are converted in a year, and if ministers of the Gospel were distributed there would not be one for each nation. There are 36,000 churches in the United States. Of these 12,000 are Methodist, 8,000 Baptist, 5,000 Presbyterian. In England there are 2,000,000 Sunday school scholars and 250,000 teachers. In the United States there are 3,000,000 Sunday school scholars and 500,000 teachers."

THE DISTANCE OF THE FIXED STARS.—In 1847 Professor Bessel, of Germany, commenced a series of astronomical measures for getting the exact distance of the fixed stars, a thing that never had been done. The instrument which he used in connection with a powerful telescope, in his experiments, was called the great Königsburg heliometer. After three years hard labor, he was so fortunate as to obtain a parallax, but so minute that he could hardly trust his reputation upon it. But after repeated trials and working out the result he was fully satisfied that he could give the true distance to 61 Cygni. But who can comprehend this immense space? We can only convey an idea to the mind of this distance by the fact that light, which travels 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, requires not less than ten years to reach us. Just let any one try to take in the idea. One hour would give 720,000,000 of miles; one year then—8,760 hours—this gives 6,

307,200,000, and this, multiplied by ten, gives 63,072,000,000,000. This, according to Bessel, is the distance of the nearest fixed star to the sun. All astronomers confirm the correctness of Professor Bessel's calculations.

But this distance, great as it is, is nothing to be compared to the distance of the Milky Way. Sir William Herschell says that the stars or suns that compose the Milky Way, are so very remote that it requires light, going at the rate of 12,000,000 of miles in a minute, 120,000 years to reach the earth. He says there are stars, or rather nebulae, five hundred times more remote. Now make your calculation; 120,000 years reduced to minutes, and then multiply that sum by 12,000,000, and the product by 500. What an overwhelming idea! The mind sinks under such a thought; we can not realize it; it is too vast even for comprehension.

RUINS OF THE REBELLION.—A Virginia paper speaks of the startling fatality which has overtaken those who were the political rebellious leaders of the State. At the beginning of secession Virginia had one cabinet minister, who was a secessionist, the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd. He is dead. She had two foreign ministers who were secessionists, Hon. R. K. Meade and John M. Daniel. Both are dead. Her two Senators, Hunter and Mason, were secessionists. One is a prisoner, the other an exile. Her oldest and most persistent, and among her most influential citizens who supported secession, and the man who fired the first gun at Sumter, was Edmund Ruffin. He is dead. The recognized leaders of the secessionists in the State Convention were George W. Randolph and ex-President Tyler. Randolph is dying abroad, Tyler is dead. She had three newspapers conspicuously devoted to secession, the Richmond Inquirer, the Richmond Examiner, and the Norfolk Argus. The journals are all extinct, and the leading spirits of all—Wise, Daniel, and Lamb—are dead. In brief, we are told, there "are not now ten men of conspicuous prominence in the secession movement of January, 1861, who remain to exercise—if they possess the desire—their influence to thwart the movement of the people toward loyalty and reunion."

LEARNING AND LONGEVITY.—An examination of the necrology of Brown University for the last academic year, suggests a few thoughts in regard to the comparative longevity of literary men. Of the eighteen alumni reported as having died during the year, the average age was about sixty-seven. A large proportion of these were studious men—lawyers, ministers, and teachers. One only of the whole number died before the age of thirty; and he was the only one originally devoted to business life. But he inherited a consumptive constitution. Ten were lawyers, whose average term of life was about seventy-six years. The list presents but one doctor, and he lived through his threescore years and ten. Another, whose life was mainly devoted to teaching, passed his seventy-seventh year. The number of ministers was only four, and their mean length of life was less than fifty years. Literary pursuits are not in themselves unfavorable to longevity. It is the unequal use of nervous power that breaks down the constitution.

Literary Notices.

THOUGHTS ON THE FUTURE CIVIL POLICY OF AMERICA. By John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 325. \$2.50. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—It was our privilege for two years to listen to the scientific lectures of Dr. Draper delivered to the classes in the University of New York. We then made a lofty estimate of his learning, varied research, and great power as a lecturer. For twenty years since we have been watching his growth, reading all that has come from his facile pen, and studying with care the development of his theories. We have not fallen any in our estimate of his greatness, but are disposed at this hour to assign him the first place among American scientific scholars and reasoners. The present work will add to his already wide-spread fame. It will be misinterpreted by many. Some will view it as an atheistic, or at least unchristian, attempt to explain the phenomena and solve the problems of national life. For this very reason it will be welcomed by reasoners of the positive school as successfully carrying into the domain of national existence the doctrines of universal, immutable, and irresistible laws. 'Both will be unjust to the eminent author. Dr. Draper is eminently a naturalist; he has been devoting his whole life with a unity of purpose to the study of nature in the phenomena which she presents to the eye and the research of the scientific student. He accepts the world as it is, and makes it his life business to study what it is and how it is, leaving to theologians and philosophers to discuss the higher questions of, Who made it what it is? and Who governs it as it is? In his private character and personal life Dr. Draper acknowledges the Great Creator and Governor, and, if we mistake not, is a Christian; in his public life, as a student and teacher, he simply studies the works of the Creator as he finds them and his methods of government as they are manifested in the phenomena of life and history. To the pure naturalist we ought to be ready to concede this method of study, and not to require from him what is, perhaps, impossible to the human intellect; namely, to study and comprehend at the same time all phases of the many-sided world in which we live. He professes to present to us one side of nature, the positive, the phenomenal, the demonstrable side; and as he spends his life in the study of this side, it is wise to accept him as the teacher and interpreter of it. He knows, and the world knows, there is another side—the unseen, the divine, the almost unknown, except as it is revealed. The study of this side belongs to the Christian, the theologian, the moral philosopher. When both sides are studied and presented by their respective interpreters we approximate a complete and symmetrical view of nature, life, and history.

Dr. Draper here shows how certainly and constantly nations are influenced by natural laws, how much national character is determined by physical circumstances, how some nations have been exalted and

others destroyed by physical influences, and from his scientific stand-point considers the conditions necessary to insure stability in political institutions. His facts and doctrines are undoubtedly true and immensely important; and as they are presented in their bearing on our own country, they should be studied by every American scholar, and especially by every American statesman. But then they are not the whole truth, and we have no idea that the author presents them as such. They are facts in nature, physical truths bearing on national existence, presented by one of the best physicists of the nation. With these views we have welcomed this learned work, and have read it with profound interest, and again commend its study to the scholars and political economists of the country. The Harpers have issued the work in most excellent style.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST: *Being a guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden.* By W. Pembroke Pettridge. With maps and colored routes. Fourth year. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. \$5.—Harper's Hand-Book has become an established institution, and we presume no traveler would think of visiting Europe without it. Its remarkable success for the last two years has stimulated the publishers to renewed exertions to make it the most correct and useful work of the kind published. The author, who resides in Europe the greater portion of his time, traveling over the ground and keeping up constant intercourse with travelers, has, during the last year, rewritten a great portion of the work, adding and correcting up to July, 1865, which is two years later than any European hand-book published. A new edition of this work every year will in this manner keep correcting it up to the latest moment. It is issued now in very neat and convenient form both for carrying and for reference.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY, from the formation of the Federal Government to the 1st of June, 1863. By Albert G. Brackett, Major First U. S. Cavalry, etc. Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 337. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—"For a long time," says the author, "I have thought that a history of the United States cavalry service ought to be written. I have thought that such a work would not only be interesting to the public, but would be doing justice to the officers and soldiers who belonged to it. Thinking thus, and seeing that no person had undertaken the task, I took it upon myself to do it. So far as I know, no history of our cavalry service has ever been written up to this time. I know my work has many imperfections, as while writing it I have been in active campaign against the rebels at Atlanta and elsewhere, and have not been able to procure the necessary books and papers to

make as thorough and complete a work of it as I could have desired; still it contains many truths which have been hidden from the public and does justice to our horsemen, who in too many cases have been entirely overlooked." The author does well in prophesying "that the finishing blows to the rebellion" would be dealt by the cavalry, and it is rather a pity he did not wait to add this brilliant chapter to his book. In fact, it is since 1863 that the cavalry service has achieved its greatest fame.

THE OIL PETROLEUMS OF PENNSYLVANIA: *Showing where Petroleum is Found, How it is Obtained, and at what Cost.* By William Wright. Cloth. 12mo. Pp. 275. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.—Mr. Wright has quite extensively studied the oil field of Pennsylvania, and produces an interesting and valuable book. He enters somewhat minutely into the physical formation of the country, statistical and financial discussions, the processes of boring the wells, of repairing them after getting out of order, and of refining the oil. Of another chapter he significantly says: "Petrolia needed a searching examination and a scathing exposure; it has received both. Yet let me not be misunderstood. Underneath a system of falsehood and fraud that might almost be termed *magnificent* there is a great basis of fact which needs to be presented in its true light, needs to be protected from the misrepresentations of its own pretended friends, who would have ruined it long since if it had not possessed genuine worth of a high order. It is to censure what is worth censuring, to strip off and expose what is false and deceptive, to denounce the cruelty, the lying, the roguery, the abject selfishness of many that I have for the time being turned aside from my original object to prepare these sheets for the press. I have aimed to state the truth without calumny or prejudice, to express it clearly and forcibly, to be as thorough as it was possible within moderate limits." Our judgment is, that the author has well accomplished his object.

CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON-FIELD: *Containing the Experience of Thomas W. Knox while connected with the New York Herald in the capacity of Special Correspondent.* 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 524. Twelve illustrations. \$2.50. New York: Blelock & Co., 19 Beekman-street.—Specimen sheets of this forthcoming work have been sent us by the publishers. It promises to be a work of great interest and merit. Mr. Knox is a writer of acknowledged ability, and has spared neither pains nor expense to obtain the fullest and most reliable intelligence. His opportunities for extensive observation have been frequent and ample, and, although several different volumes of army correspondence and experience have been presented to the public, yet the immense field covered by our military operations, and the constantly-varying features of army campaigning, as seen from different stand-points and under different individual experiences, together with the fact that a single correspondent can, of course, cover with his personal observation but a limited portion of territory, suffice to show that there is yet room for extensive additions to our army literature with advantage to the reading public. The work is sold only by sub-

scription, which may be made to the publishers, Blelock & Co., 19 Beekman-street.

THE GREAT WEST: Traveler's, Miner's, and Emigrant's Guide and Hand-Book to the Western, North-Western, and Pacific States and Territories. By Edward H. Hall. Paper. 16mo. Pp. 198. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.—This little book is designed to meet the demand which the great migration to the West has created for trustworthy information in regard to the trans-Mississippi and Pacific territory. It is a compilation of facts gleaned from the latest and most reliable sources, "and is especially designed for the use of the traveler and settler, the miner and the farmer, for the man who travels westward on business or pleasure, as well as for him who emigrates thither with a view to settlement."

ARTHUR MERTON; or, Sinning and Sorrowing. By Caroline E. Kelley, author of "*Bernice, the Farmer's Daughter*," etc. Cloth. 16mo. Pp. 288. Philadelphia: J. C. Garrigues & Co.—Prof. John S. Hart, who is most excellent authority in these matters, says: "We have few better or more popular writers of Sabbath school books than Miss Kelley. The causes of this popularity are obvious. She writes in a style of clear, vigorous English which any one can understand; without affectation, without exaggeration, with earnestness of purpose, but with moderation of manner, appealing always in her narratives to the feelings and the conscience, but always likewise basing the appeal upon a sober and well-considered judgment." We are also assured that the story of Arthur Merton is, in all essential particulars, as nearly as propriety would permit, a simple narrative of facts. The book is one of intense interest, and its teachings are impressive. It will interest children, but it ought also to be read by parents, guardians, and Sabbath school teachers.

MY NEW HOME. *By the author of "Win and Wear," "Tony Starr's Legacy," etc.* Cloth. 16mo. Pp. 383. \$1.25. New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.—The writer of this book has also gained very considerable popularity in the department of youth's and Sunday school literature. Her stories are very pure, instructive, and elevating. The present one is of this character, and while it will prove interesting and instructive to young girls of sixteen and eighteen, it contains many a valuable lesson for mothers.

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER? A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. With illustrations by H. K. Browne. Cloth. 8vo. Pp. 334. \$2. New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Westminster Review, for July, 1865. American Edition. New York: Leonard Scott & Co. Later Speculations of Auguste Comte, Antislavery Revolution in America, Herbert Spencer's Principles of Biology, Political Economy, Imperial History, American Novelists, Indian Policy, and the usual article on Contemporary Literature, are the contents. A capital number of the ablest of the British Quarterlies. What a pity that it has taken as its mission the antagonism of every thing truly Christian and the defense of every thing semi-infidel!

Editor's Study.

DISINTEGRATION.

It was our privilege not long since to witness a significant and impressive scene. The Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South was holding its session in a neighboring city, and a committee of thirteen was appointed on the "State of the Church." This committee was unable to agree in a unanimous report, and near the close of the session of the Conference, after protracted and earnest efforts to secure unity in the committee-room, two reports were presented to the Conference—a majority report, expressing the loyal devotion of the Conference to the country and favorably looking toward a reunion of the two great branches of Methodism; and a minority report, containing no allusion to the country, and declining any overtures of reconciliation between the two branches of the Church.

An animated, earnest, and, we must say, dignified discussion, continuing during the greater part of two days, followed the presentation of these reports. The vote being taken, twenty-five voted for the majority report, but a very considerable majority of the Conference carried the minority report. The Conference was thus committed to a semi-disloyal attitude toward the country, and to a position little short of direct hostility toward any advances of the Methodist Episcopal Church southward. To the astonishment of the Conference, on the next morning a startling movement was observed among the loyal twenty-five. It was no less a movement than an initial disintegration of the Conference. Soon after the opening of the morning session several of these loyal men resigned their places on important boards and committees, and then one after another eighteen asked and received a location. Others would have done the same, but were restrained by private and personal interests which could not immediately be adjusted. On the same day the heroic eighteen held a meeting and resolved to offer themselves to the Methodist Episcopal Church and ask for work under its direction. Another meeting was held on the evening of the same day, when several preachers and laymen of our Church met these earnest men and gave them the hand of fellowship, and assured them a cordial welcome to the mother Church. In a few days Bishop Morris, who had presided at the session of our Kentucky Conference, responded to the request of these brethren and met with them and arranged a field of labor for them. Two leading men of the movement were soon after received into the South-Eastern Indiana Conference, and thence transferred to the Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and given thus officially a sort of superintendence of the new work and mission. Two or three of the Churches with which these men had been laboring have already responded to the movement, and have come over with their heroic leaders.

What is the significance of this movement?

1. It is significant of the spirit and attitude of the

Southern Church. It indicates the existence of two parties in that body—a party represented by the loyal, intelligent, and truly Christian men who withdrew from the Kentucky Conference, and a party represented by the semi disloyal, sectional, and bitter men who engineered the milk-and-water report of the minority through the Conference. It is evident that these parties are very unequal in point of numbers throughout the South, and that the sectional party is much the larger. Yet as we witnessed the scene in the Kentucky Conference we could not help feeling that this was one of the cases in which the vote ought to be weighed, not counted. There is a party, strong in intelligence, in patriotism, in piety, however small they may be in numbers, pervading the entire South, who are wise enough to see the changed condition of things in the South, so manifestly brought about by the providence of God, and who, seeing it, are patriotic enough to accept it, and pious enough to humble themselves in the presence of lessons so great and impressive. These men, like those who withdrew from the Kentucky Conference, are ready to attribute to "the blessing of Almighty God the successful termination of the late civil war;" to rejoice "in the assured integrity of the Union," and cheerfully to accept the fact "that slavery no longer exists in any of the former slaveholding States;" and this great source of hostility, and sectionalism, and war being thus removed out of the way, they feel that there is no longer occasion for continuing either in the Church or State this attitude of hostility and hatred.

This party, though the weaker in numbers, is the stronger in clear-seeing wisdom, in possessing the Christian spirit, and especially in being in the right. The existence of this party is evidenced, not only by this event in the Kentucky Conference, but by the early successful organization of the loyal Conference in East Tennessee; by the indication of its presence, however crushed down by opposition, in the Missouri and St. Louis Conferences; by the information constantly coming up from the South, and by the very fact that the opposite party has felt itself obliged to organize carefully, and to resort to unfair measures in order to oppose this loyal movement. The majority report in the Kentucky Conference indicates more than is on the face of it. It is by no means the report that the loyal men of the Conference would have presented had they been free to express fully their own views and feelings. It does not come up to the expression of loyalty and fraternity that these men and their party really feel, but is modified, eliminated to the last degree, in hope that the Conference might be wise enough to see the right, and at least move that far on the way. There is every reason to believe, too, this report of the majority would have passed in the Conference, had not the weight of the Bishop, and of the "Address of the Southern Bishops," been thrown against it, and had not some voters, known for their disloyalty and hostility, been brought into the Conference

by Episcopal authority to counteract this spirit of loyalty which was sure to show itself.

This loyal and conciliating party we believe exists in all parts of the South, and is strong in the fact that it stands for the right, for humanity, and for true Christianity. It is confronted by another party at present outnumbering it, animated by the same spirit which has characterized it since 1844, and which manifested its true nature during the rebellion, and which is now only held in check by military power; a spirit bitter and resentful from defeat, exasperated by imaginary wrongs, and determined upon maintaining "a separate and distinct ecclesiastical organization," and an attitude of mere sullen submission "to the powers that be." The house is thus divided against itself, and infinite wisdom has pronounced its fate.

2. This movement is significant as foreshadowing the result of the mistaken policy that the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church South are determined to pursue. What is to be the result of this policy is well indicated by the following paragraph from an able "address to the ministers and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South" by the loyal eighteen: "Having committed ourselves in the fear of God, and from conscientious convictions of duty, to the sentiments of the report which was rejected, we could not consistently remain in a communion that had throughout all its departments, as far as they were allowed to speak, committed itself to the perpetuation unnecessarily of sectionalism in Church organizations. There was nothing left us to do but locate and withdraw, and seek a communion more in harmony with the spirit of the age and the demands of Christian principle. This we have done. We abide by our principles, and prefer to retire with pure consciences rather than remain and receive places at the expense of both."

This is the only course that the loyal and conciliating spirits of the Church South can pursue. They must leave her, as these earnest men have done. Their movement is but the beginning of the end. The infatuated policy of the Church has sealed the doom of her disintegration, and the process is already begun. The dream that a Church can still perpetuate itself on the dead ideas of the past, can continue to draw her inspiration from issues fought out and settled, can live by fostering a spirit of hostility, exclusivism, and sectionalism, which of necessity must soon pass away with the departure of the causes which originally produced it, is only akin to a hundred other suicidal mistakes of the South during the past four years. Under such a policy the Methodist Episcopal Church South must go to the wall. Her best spirits will leave her. Her whole colored membership of course must withdraw, and in large masses they have done so, and wherever possible have carried their property with them. Her white members, so far as they have had enough of strife, and sectionalism, and war, and so far as they desire peace, and harmony, and union, must leave a Church that still throws down the gauntlet of strife. And the number who will feel themselves thus repelled from such a Church must be constantly increasing.

3. This movement indicates the work that lies before the Methodist Episcopal Church. She must be prepared to receive and provide for these loyal and Christian brethren, whatever may be their color, who can

no longer affiliate with the Church South. Instinctively they turn to our Church, not only because it furnishes them the doctrines and the institutions to which they are accustomed, but for another reason strongly stated in the "Address" above referred to. "Satisfied," they say, "from the temper of the controlling powers of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, that it is in vain to look for action within this Church favorable to Church unity and confraternity, we will attach ourselves to the Methodist Episcopal Church, as giving us the only hope, and as affording the only means of removing that sectionalism that has engendered the madness that brought upon us all the horrors and calamities of civil war." The record made by the Methodist Episcopal Church during the past four years points her out as the hopeful agent for meeting this emergency. She is devotedly loyal; she has conformed her Discipline to the changed circumstances of the country; she is not an enemy of any section; she seeks for peace, for union, for brotherly love; she opens her door to every loyal Christian of the South; she asks only for the true Christian spirit, for loyalty to the Government, and for a cheerful and sincere acceptance of the laws, proclamations, etc., proclaiming the end of slavery.

Evidently the providence of God is opening the door, not, perhaps, so widely or so rapidly as we had wished, but certainly opening it into the South for a peaceful, successful, and glorious mission. Some other form of Methodism than that presented by the Church South must enter into that territory, breathing a different spirit, teaching a purer Christianity and a higher Christian civilization, and leading the people away from the strifes, and enmities, and misunderstandings of the past, and especially providing an ecclesiastical home for those Christians who feel they can no longer follow the leadings of the Church South. There is a work thus thrust upon the Northern Church; the South must be regenerated; she must have new teachers and new lessons; the people in their movement toward loyalty, freedom, and national harmony and unity must be met, and encouraged, and helped. The Methodist Episcopal Church South shows herself unfit to be left in the field alone, and unworthy of the position of teacher and leader of the people. Multitudes of her own members are in advance of her in a wise and Christian recognition of the duties and demands of the hour, and will invite and welcome the coming of a more worthy leader and guide.

4. If we mistake not, Providence is beginning to point out to us the way in which our mission into the South is to be accomplished. We have always felt that one of the greatest difficulties in entering upon our mission in the South was to determine the manner in which to do it. The idea of a general reunion with the Church South was the first to present itself to many of our people, and to a very considerable party in the South. Many felt that such a movement was fraught with danger to the purity of the Church, and would be a union only in form, but not in spirit. The Bishops and ruling spirits of the South have foreclosed that question; they are determined "to maintain a distinct and separate ecclesiastical organization." They repel in advance any overtures of reunion. We accept this as indicating the will of Providence that

there should be, at present at least, no reunion of the two branches of Methodism. We looked, too, with trembling on the plan of "an invasion" of the South with Northern men. We have but few of the right kind of men to spare for this work. At best our missionaries would be met with suspicion; they would have to meet the prejudices of the people; their coming would be interpreted as an act of hostility. We believe in the doctrine that every people must produce their own regenerators. The initial work of course must come from others, but the great work of regeneration must be carried forward and accomplished by agencies rising up in the midst of the people themselves. The Holston Conference in Tennessee, composed of loyal, earnest Christian men of the South, is vastly more powerful than any organization we could carry into that State. The loyal eighteen who have withdrawn from the Kentucky Conference and offered

themselves for work under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, will be far more successful and efficient than a much larger body of Northern men sent into that territory. God is thus opening the way and furnishing the men. Our true policy is evidently not to remain away from the South under the vain hope that a grand reunion may be brought about between the two branches of the Church, nor to enter the South in the spirit of an invasion or with any hostility toward the Church South, but to watch this process of disintegration, gather up the fragments of the crumbling Church, receive with cordiality all that are ready to come to us, and especially to be ready to give aid and comfort to such men as those who have withdrawn from the Kentucky Conference, and now offer themselves as ready to go through their own region, preaching a pure Gospel, and pouring oil on the waters of strife.

Editor's Table.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL.—On our table lies a beautiful, clear, quarto sheet, full of admirable matter addressed to the officers, teachers, and young people of the Sabbath school. It is the first number of the "Sunday School Journal," a revival of the old "Teachers' Journal," with a slightly modified name, "clothed in new and better garments, and with somewhat broader aims." We welcome it, and hope it will be cordially welcomed by those for whom it is published. There is certainly need for just such a journal, and it ought to find its way into the hands of every Sabbath school teacher, and in its new form ought to become the Sunday School Journal for the larger scholars. It is edited by Dr. Wise, whose name is known to all Sunday school people, and who knows how to make the Journal just what it ought to be. He thus makes his appeal to those for whom it is published: "Will you receive it? Will you contribute to its success both by subscribing for its support yourselves and by placing it in the hands of the senior scholars under your care? Dependent upon you for its life, it awaits your response. If you neglect it, it can not live; if you rally around it and give it a subscription of fifty thousand, it will live and be a blessing to you and to many. What is your reply? Please send it, with substantial evidence of your sincerity, to the Book Agents."

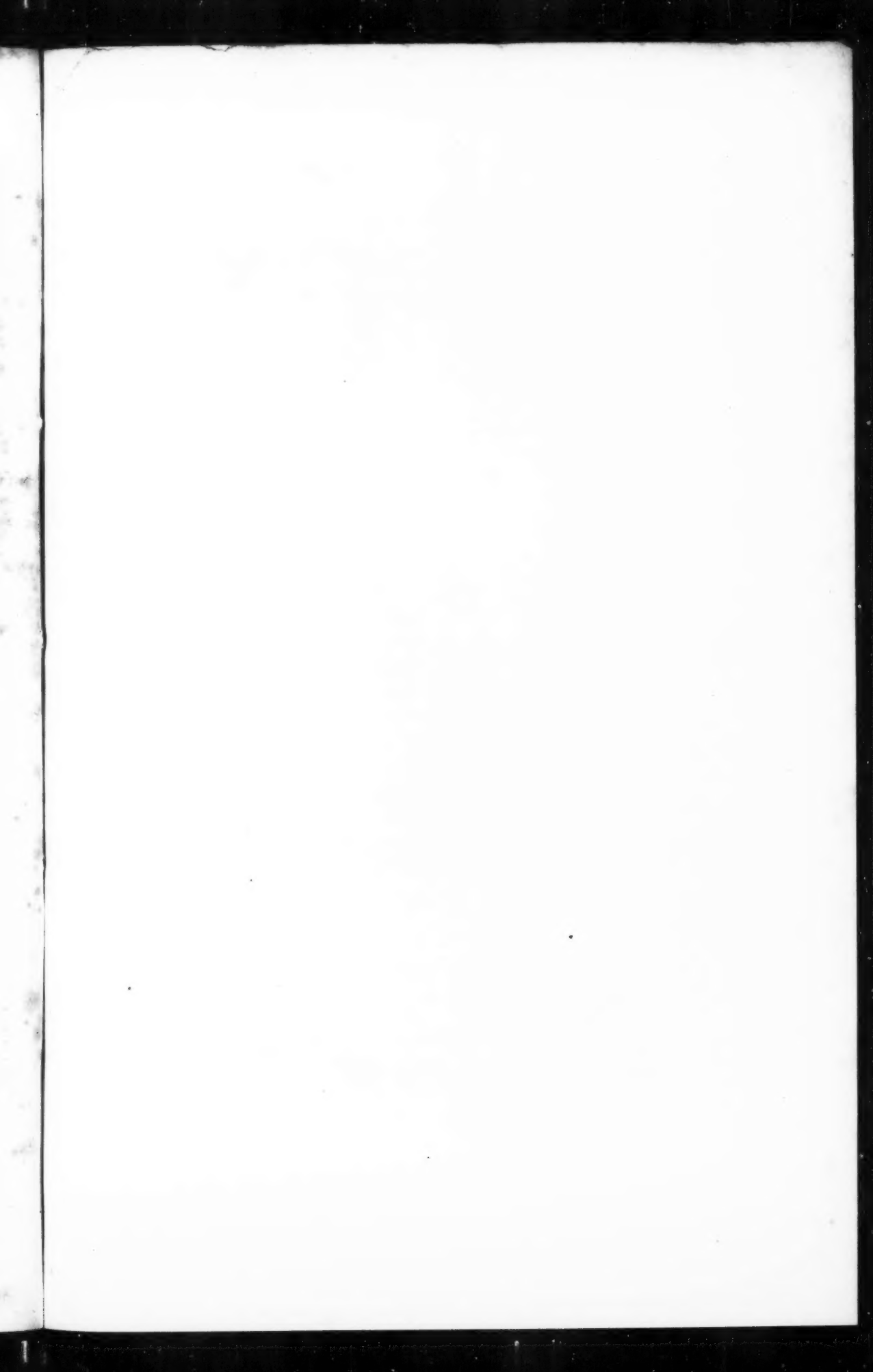
CHURCH CERTIFICATES.—On our table we also find three neatly-executed certificates for use in our Church. The first is a Certificate of Baptism in infancy, to be presented to parents at the baptism of their children, certifying the time of birth, name, promises made by parents, and the fact of baptism. This is a beautiful idea, and the certificate is an impressive record for the parents, and in after years also for the child. The second is a Certificate of Baptism for adults, and as we believe this baptism ought to be done at the time of entering on probation, there would be a beautiful propriety in furnishing this certificate. The third is a

Certificate of Church Membership, and is designed to be presented at the time when the candidate is received into full membership in the Church. We like the impressive form provided for this occasion in our ritual, and this certificate will add to its significance.

ENGRAVINGS.—We present this month a well-executed portrait of Rev. Enoch G. Wood, D. D., of the South-Eastern Indiana Conference, one of the pioneers of Indiana Methodism, and Dr. Holliday of the same Conference has given us a sketch that is quite a chapter in the ways and workings of Methodism in the West. "LOOKING UP THE SHENANDOAH" will awaken a variety of thoughts in the minds of our readers. The ground has become historical, and will be memorable for the strange record of alternate successes and defeats, advances and retreats, which characterized the war in the Shenandoah Valley. How strangely some really great men have buried their military honors in this Valley, while others have there achieved some of the grandest victories of the war, and won for themselves imperishable laurels! The scene of our picture is one mile above Harper's Ferry; it is from a painting by W. Phillips and engraved by Mr. Wellstood, who is always faithful and ready for the demands of the Repository.

ARTICLES ACCEPTED.—The following articles we place on file for use: Invalid Women; Returning from the War; Caxton; Facts About the Bible; A Chapter on Instinct; Jean Ingelow's Poems; The Protestant Era; The Elm and the Clover; Peace; Little Mariner; Straying; Hail thou my Bark; The Dying Prisoner; and In the Gloom.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following we must respectfully set aside, not by any means because they are all devoid of merit, but because we are unable to use them: Farewell to Eighteen Sixty-Five; The Crown; The Book of Nature; The Two Cousins; Too Late; The Mother's Vision; Heavenly Mansions; The Dead Soldier; An Acrostic; and Only a Year.





REV. THOMAS CARLTON, D.D.

Engraved expressly for the Ladies' Repository.